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A BURIAL.

BY SUSIE M. BEST.

Bury yesterday,
Its corpse unsightly grows—
God rest its soul, I say,
And grant it sweet repose.

Bury yesterday,
For it we have no room,—
The dead should lie alway
At peace, within the tomb.

A Desperate Deed.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A PINCH OF PATCH WORK," "SOMEBODY'S DAUGHTER," "A MIDSUMMER FOLLY," "WEDDED HANDS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.

TEA or coffee, madam?

Coffee, please—a good deal of cream. And Sir Geoffrey, I'll trouble you for one of those breaded chops.

The dismal night had given birth to a sickly-lead-colored day. But between the sash-curtains of flowered Indian silk and the heavy hanging of velours, these in the cosy breakfast-room of Silverdale Castle could see little of the wind-swept world without.

My lady had not come down, of course, but the others were all gathered around the tempting table—the Earl, Aunt Clara, Sir Geoffrey Damyn and Lady Iva.

The Earl had greeted his guests with his usual hearty handshake, but he thrilled with instinctive repulsion as his fingers closed over those of Geoffrey Damyn.

"You are looking like—like a rose, my dear," averred Aunt Clara, fixing her funny little blue eyes on Lady Iva's face, and making an elephantine attempt at a compliment.

"A rose in a gray merino morning wrapper!" laughed the girl.

But she did look very bright and winsome in the soft, smoky-hued gown, all puffed and fluffed at throat and bosom, and wrists with frills of creamy lace.

"Her ladyship is better, I trust?"

It was Damyn who politely asked the question, but all the time he was thinking what a tremendously lucky fellow he would be if he could only induce Silverdale's daughter to become Lady Damyn.

"Thank you, yes! She is quite recovered, but still weak, of course."

"What did the doctor say?" inquired Aunt Clara, helping herself to marmalade.

Quite as well developed and cultivated as her epicurean tastes was her curiosity.

"Nervous prostration, he said," Lord Silverdale answered, quietly. "He suggested that continued grief for her sister's loss is probably undermining her health, and advised for her gaiety and society."

Iva, her fair, sparkling hand resting on the big silver handle of the urn, was listening with interest.

"Did you tell her that, papa?"

"No," he replied, with a smile. "I am going to leave all persuasion with you."

She laughed and nodded.

"I shall do my best. It would be delightful to have a regular jolly old-fashioned Christmas at the Castle!"

"Ah, that's what I say," seconded Aunt Clara, vigorously beginning an onslaught on the muffins. "Life is too short for anything but pleasure. 'Give me a peaceful life,' poor, dear Paul used to say. But I always prayed 'Give me society!' and—Just a trifle of that pigeon pie, Harold!"

For, by virtue of the connection, she referred quite familiarly to her host.

Iva involuntarily smiled at the comical digression. Casting a guilty glance around to assure herself it had not been perceived, she met Geoffrey Damyn's quizzical black eyes.

The look which passed between them of merriment, reproof, secrecy made of the young Baronet a still more abject admirer.

How immensely pleasant it would be to have her, so graceful and high-bred, sitting opposite him every morning and sending him a smile with his coffee!

By the Lord Harry, he must brace up, or the prize would slip through his fingers! Young Curzon, since he had left his mustache grow again, was sufficiently good looking to be a formidable rival.

He would speak to the Earl this very day. Not that he feared any objection from him. He was aware that his guest, socially and financially, was worthy even his daughter. But to refer to him was the proper caper, and so——

The others were rising.

Now or never!

The Earl had left the breakfast-room. He followed him.

"May I speak to you alone in the library, Silverdale?"

"Certainly."

He led the way into the superb, book-lined, leopard-rugged room.

Geoffrey closed the door, walked over to the hearth where his host stood.

"Perhaps you guess why I have demanded an interview?" with a nervous laugh.

He wasn't the least bit of a coward; but where is the suitor who with complete calmness can address himself to "her papa?"

"My dear boy, how solemn you look! I assure you I have not the faintest idea."

He was striving to appear cordial to the man he had asked to spend Christmas at his home, but it was certainly hard work.

"Then it is this: I wish your permission to tell Lady Iva I would be the proudest man alive if she would consent to become Lady Damyn."

The Earl felt stunned.

He was in love with Iva, then! He could not, would not believe his wife had conferred her affections unsought on this blonde young baronet. But neither could he, much as he longed to, feel the old supreme, unquestioning trust. But Damyn was enamoured of Iva. That point was clear, and an immense relief.

With a warmth Sir Geoffrey had certainly not expected, he held out his hand.

"It rests with her," he said.

Kindly as the words were, they recalled to Damyn the fact that his wooing was but begun, and the conquest far from assured.

"Thank you!"

"But you must remember she is very young," Lord Silverdale went on, with a smile. "Not eighteen yet; and girls are capricious."

He felt almost like jesting. Surely he had been deceiving himself. Lilian could have no tender thoughts for Damyn. But why—and the thought went through him like a lance—why did she cry out in such vehement dissent when he had spoken to her of Geoffrey's probable passion for Iva?

Reading, smoking, going through their letters, chatting in the desultory and spasmodic fashion of men when alone, they passed the morning in the library.

And up in my lady's beautiful boudoir, with its harmonious woodland tints of fawn and ecru and tan and gold, the Countess of Silverdale reclined on a lounge near the fire; and Iva, so full of life and health and excitement she could not keep still, trailed her pretty gray draperies from one part of the room to another, and talked with the delight of a child of the wonderful Christmas they would have.

For, to her astonishment, the Countess had immediately seconded her desire and the doctor's advice.

"He is right!" she had declared. "I have been brooding too much of late, I know. I do need pleasure. I would enjoy going out—having a gay crowd here. It would brighten me up and it is your right, Iva."

The girl laughed and shook her sunshiny head.

"Don't think I'm not willing, little mamma."

But the "little mamma," who, because of her smallness and slightness, looked younger if anything than her step-daughter, became suddenly grave.

"Iva, if I were to go out, receive, and all that sort of thing, so soon after my sister's death, what would the county say?"

Iva wheeled round, stood still.

She flashed on her a pair of beautiful, positive, dark blue eyes.

"I would say that you were a very sensible woman, or that papa and I were sensible for you. It would say that because your sister died is no reason you should fret yourself insane. For, after last night, you may be sure every one will know you actually imagined, in your nervousness, you saw a ghost. It will say just exactly that!"

Her ladyship smiled.

"A very emphatic speech, dear. If you are so sure as all that, I shall not be outraging the proprieties. Make your own arrangements."

But Lady Iva paused doubtfully.

"Don't think I urge you, mamma, because I want a gay Christmas. I really think so."

The Countess laughed musically.

"My dear Iva, I know you better than that!"

There was something amusing to her in the little, conscientious disclaimer.

How the girl detested hypocrisy. Her laugh ended in a sigh. If she only knew her for what she was!

She shuddered.

"Cold, mamma?"

"Oh, no!"

"Well, you must have some luncheon now—you are an invalid, you know—and afterwards were will do our planning."

And when she had tempted her to eat a wing of a roast chicken and drink a glass of claret, she wheeled over to the hearth-rug a little papier-mache writing-desk.

"It is rather late to ask people for Christmas, I'm afraid; but there are some I know can come. And we can issue invitations for a grand ball Christmas Eve—can't we, mamma?"

She was elated at the prospect of it all.

"But, so soon, Iva."

"Oh, I know! We can hurry, though. We can write to London to day, and have men sent down to wax the ball-room. And Griffin will send supplies and an extra cook, and papa shall secure an orchestra. I shall write all the invitations this afternoon. It will be the easiest thing, mamma?"

Laughingly the Countess sat erect.

"You certainly are convincing, Iva. Let me have the pen a moment, till I write you the address of the florist I prefer."

Iva sprang up, pushed the little stand to the sofa.

"You are catching the fever, too," she cried.

And indeed her own delight and excitement were contagious.

"Who wouldn't—from you?" she retorted, as she began to write.

Iva slightly leaned over her shoulder.

"Why mamma!"

The Countess looked up inquiringly.

The girl was staring at the page on which, in a bold and and angular hand, the address was written.

"You did not write like that. Your letter to me at school was altogether different. The chirography was small and close and sloping."

The Countess mutely questioned her. Suddenly she comprehended.

"Oh, yes, I remember! I never continue writing the same hand long at a time. How very close the room is!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Countess looks charming to-night!" declared Jimmie Talbot.

"She always does!" Lady Iva insisted, loyally.

It was the day before Christmas Eve, and Mrs. Trendworth was entertaining her friends. They were all gathering in the drawing-room before dinner—the Romaines, half-a dozen visitors who had already responded to the invitation to Silverdale Castle, the Dallas girls, Lionel Curzon, Sir Geoffrey Damyn, and several others.

After the stately beauty and taste of the drawing-room of the Castle this of Mrs. Trendworth's impressed one as being too glowing, too crowded, with its cardinal and old-gold-plush furniture, its walls densely covered with pictures, cabinets and chins, its statuetted little table, its profusion of bric-a-brac.

But it was a sociable apartment nevertheless, and the hostess delightfully cordial. So there was not the usual constraint of that harassing period the half-hour before dinner.

"And as for Lady Iva—shall I admire her?"

Jimmie's daring glance travelled slowly over her.

"You may, if you are very good—that is, just a little—a very little, or Nora might be jealous."

"Nora?"

He tried to look innocently surprised, but he was blushing like a girl.

"Yes?"

"Nora Dallas?"

"Did you suppose," with an air of judicial gravity," I meant Nora Creina?"

He laughed out singingly, and she joined him.

And just then Nora Dallas herself came up.

"What is the joke?"

Iva laughed and rose.

"Jimmie must explain to you. I see mamma wants me. I confide him to your tender charity, Nora."

And she walked away.

"How lovely she is!" Nora said, looking after her.

She was a sweet, plump little body herself, with the genuine Irish blue eyes, and a mouth which, if not exactly small or curved, was deliciously red and tempting.

"And she always dresses so exquisitely, too!" Nora went on, in generous concession.

"Does she?"

"Can't you see it?"

"Oh, she looks nice!" asserted Jimmie; "but so do you."

And all the answer she deigned was,—

"Look at her!"

He does look.

The tall, slender figure in the dull blue jersey silk, which fits so clingingly its perfect proportions, stands near one smaller, slighter—the Countess.

The fair, patrician face, with its commingled tenderness, passion, pride, is a face to haunt one.

All her golden hair is gathered in a knot on her white neck, and is held in place by a diamond handled dagger—her only ornament. The violet eyes sparkle as she speaks.

"Well?"

Back to the little anxious face beside him came Jimmie's roving gaze.

"You are ten times as pretty!"

"Jimmie!"

She had risen.

Were those really tears of mortification?

"Well, you are!"

"Jimmie!" in saddest approach.

"To me!" supplemented Jimmie.

"Oh!"

And then she turned her happy and ungrateful face from him, and hurried away.

To Lady Iva, Sir Geoffrey and Lionel Curzon paid assiduous attention; but Lord Silverdale had eyes for his wife alone.

He was doubtful if this new departure would benefit her so much after all.

She looked well—yes startlingly well.

Her gown of black Chantilly was a marvel of elegance. She had pale, yellowish roses in her dark hair. Her youthful, piquant face was flushed. Her eyes were full of light.

The long, sumptuous dinner was over at last.

As the ladies rose to leave, Sir Geoffrey Damyn sprang to open the door.

Iva was one of the last to pass through. Her gown caught on a projecting screen.

He stooped to release the fabric with which she was already engaged.

As if unintentionally, he laid his hand over hers. Closely and warmly for half a minute it rested there.

She flashed him a cold, indignant glance as she detached her dress and passed through.

The gentlemen resented themselves—sent the decanters circling.

Only one had observed the little episode at the door. His handsome brows knit angrily.

"I must teach him his place!" between his teeth vowed Lionel Curzon.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"I'VE A surprise for you."

Mrs. Trendworth's florid face was full of fun.

"A surprise!"

Instantly she found herself the centre of a bevy of fair, questioning faces.

The gentlemen had not left the dining-room, from whence came now and then a burst of laughter.

"What is it, Mrs. Trendworth?" asked Mary Dallas.

"I have found a fortune-teller—a genuine fortune-teller. And she is going to receive you all, one at a time, in the library, and unravel to you the past, present, and future."

"Oh, Mrs. Trendworth!"

"Who is she?"

"You are always devising something original."

Their hostess flung up her hands protestingly as she retreated laughing.

"One at a time; don't overwhelm me. No, I shan't say who she is or where I found her. All you have to do is to test her ability. Ah! here are the gentlemen."

And then, with much chatter and laughter, the "surprise" was revealed to them.

Tea was served. Over the frail Rose Berricups the conversation waxed louder and merrier.

Iva, standing near the piano, seated herself, softly struck the keys.

The talk did not cease. But then she was not playing for auditors—indeed, hardly playing at all.

Slowly and tenderly the white fingers moved, making a sweet and drowsy melody.

"Lady Iva!"

Without pausing, she lifted her lustrous eyes.

He grew handsomer every day, this goodly young lover of hers.

The first time she had seen him since that awful night in Belgium, he had his scorched hair cropped tightly, his mustache shaved. Now that the former lay thick and wavy over his broad, white forehead, and the latter shaded darkly his fine, firm lips, he certainly looked a rival Geoffrey Damyn might dread.

Did she really care for him at all? Sometimes he feared not. She had not rejected him, to be sure, but neither was he her accepted lover.

"Hang that Damyn!" he said to himself, more emphatically than elegantly.

His infatuation was becoming abominably apparent. Already he had heard several allude to it. It could not be that she was playing him, Lionel Curzon, off against the languid young Baronet. No, she was not that kind of a girl at all. But he grew hot at the very thought.

"Well?"

She was smiling up at him.

"As you left the dining-room to-night I saw Damyn clasp your hand."

"Well?" again.

There was not the slightest change in the lovely, lofty face.

Curzon felt himself flushing angrily.

"And you did not resent it?"

His speech, though intense, was low.

Her smile faded, but the starry eyes still steadily met his own.

"Not as I resent your accusation."

"Then you mean—"

He bowed his dark head eagerly forward.

"Nothing."

He straightened up.

How cold she was—how proud! And yet, had he ever loved her half so well?

Silence, save for the light and dreamful music.

The others were all laughing and talking in pleasant, murmurous, well bred fashion.

"Hark!" Nora Dallas cried. "Hear what Iva is playing. It is Boccherini's Minuet."

The voices grew hushed. The musician turned them a reproachful, smiling face, but she kept on playing.

That greatest of all old airs, gay and sobbing and quaint and tender!

Still leaning moodily beside her, Lionel listened.

She arose.

"One moment."

It was Curzon who spoke.

She turned inquiringly. Her golden head was held high, her pretty, proud lips very grave.

"Do you care for me at all, Iva?"

How miserable he looked!

She smiled in spite of herself. He brightened hopefully.

"Say you do, dear—just a little bit!"

"No."

"No?"

He fell back.

The poor fellow! what a doleful face! Her conscience rose in arms.

"Not a little bit."

He started

Into the pearl-fair cheeks was creeping a flickering bloom. There was mischief lurking around the lovely mouth, in the sparkling eyes.

"Do you really mean Iva——"

She turned her dimpling face over her shoulder as she lightly moved away.

"That I am going to have my fortune told? Yes."

A servant appeared, spoke to Mrs. Trendworth, disappeared.

She laughingly challenged her guests.

"The sibyl waits. Who will dare fate first?"

"I!" cried Mary Dallas.

They escorted her into the hall. She opened the door of the library, went in.

In five minutes she was out again.

"Well?" they cried.

"Oh, everything wonderful! I am going to get an important letter and marry a title, and—— Who next?"

"You, Jimmie," ordained Mrs. Trendworth.

But that young gentleman, sitting on the stairs next Nora Dallas, positively declined.

"Please, no! I am having the very best of a good time. Don't disturb me. I am telling Nora's fortune."

Every one laughed.

"Will you go, Lady Silverdale?"

The Countess drew back.

"Oh, no!" She glanced at the Earl. "My fortune is told, you know."

So Iva was the next.

Some one suggested a return to the drawing-room, but the proposal was unfavorably received. It was so nice and cozy and informal there; so there they stayed.

The library door opened.

Iva, blushing and laughing, emerged from the darkened room.

"I shan't tell you what she said!" shaking her head at the expectant group. "It was something very nice indeed, though. Do go in, mamma!"

Why should she not, after all? It was sheer nonsense, of course. But that was why she might as well enter into the fun of the thing.

"Very well."

She turned with her hand on the door-knob.

"I'll tell you all she says," she declared brightly.

Her past? Dare she risk the mention of it? Ah, what foolishness to suppose any clairvoyant living could speak to her of that!

With a soundless flutter of trailing lace draperies she passed in.

CHAPTER XXX.

A SUDDEN nervous tremor took possession of her as she closed the door behind her.

How dark it was—how still!

She could hear the merry voices in the hall without, but they sounded as if miles away.

Pshaw! Even little Willie would not be so dismayed. She was as easily frightened as a baby of late.

It was impossible to tell anything about the furnishing of the room, so dimly the lights burned in the chandelier; but there was a perfume of hothouse flowers in the air, and the foot sank soundlessly in the thick Axminster carpet.

Where was the fortune teller?

Unaccustomed to the semi-darkness, the Countess could not at first discern her.

Ah, there she was.

At the upper part of the room where a jutting bay window formed an alcove, sat, on a throne-like chair, a diminutive, hooded and cloaked figure.

On a small table behind her an amber lamp burnt dimly.

With an air of courage the Countess turned towards her, went lightly, almost swiftly, up the room.

It was all a play, a jest, probably one of the housemaids dressed up, but she felt a quicker heartbeat all the same.

"Well, priestess of the present, the future and the past, what have you to say to me?"

Silvery rang the clear voice through the quiet room.

The crouching creature before whom she stood did not stir or speak.

My lady wished fervently she had persisted in her refusal to enter.

Nonsense? Of course it was nonsense! But the shadowy room, the silence, the cowled form there, all thrilled her with a sensation akin to dread.

"Must I cross your palm with silver?" she began.

The fortune teller checked her.

"I do not want your silver. Stand in the light there. Let me read your countenance.

The tone was hoarse—commanding.

There was not much light anywhere, but the Countess advanced till the little there was shone on her face, and the witch-like figure was in shadow.

For a minute absolute silence reigned.

The Countess could feel the burning gaze from under the nun's hood fastened upon her.

She was delicate fibred in the extreme, extraordinarily sensitive.

The piercing scrutiny seemed actually eating it way through her beauty, power, position, through her Chantilly and roses, and assumption of indifference, into the most secret chamber of her heart.

"Your past," began the low, croaking voice, "you have striven to escape from, to hide, to bury, but it looks at you out of a child's pure eyes."

My lady whitened, gasped. But no, she must not show dismay!

"Your present," went on the ominous voice—"your present is a living lie!"

Great Heaven! Who was she? What did she know?

The Countess caught her breath, flung up her hands as though to ward off a blow. She was shrinking, quivering, from head to feet.

The rush and the darkness, and slow, low, hoarse voice, relentless as fate itself—

"Oh!"

She had cried aloud.

"Your future——"

But she could stand no more. With one great, choking sob, she staggered—fell!

CHAPTER XXXI.

THROUGH all their mirthful, inconsequent rattle in the hall without, they heard it—first the queer cry, then the heavy fall.

Intuitively Iva knew what was wrong.

"Mamma! she is ill again. She had fainted, I know!"

She was at the door in a second, had thrown it back, rushed in.

They all followed her. Mrs. Trendworth turned up the lights.

Iva sprang forward. She was kneeling beside the prostrate little figure.

"Where is papa?"

"In the study with Colonel Harrington. I shall find him," Lionel said.

The room was filled with exclamations of amazed, compassionate voices.

"Mamma—little mamma—don't you know me? It is I—Iva!"

She was rubbing her hands, pushing back her hair, speaking to her gently and tenderly.

"Here, my dear!"

Mrs. Trendworth, kneeling down, forced a mouthful of the liquor she had secured between the set, white teeth.

"I should not have allowed her to come in," she hurried on, volubly and remorsefully.

"After being ill so lately, the least excitement was sure to prove too much for her."

"Oh, she is reviving!" Iva cried

She bent and kissed the pretty, pale lips.

She was very warmly attached to this beautiful young stepmother of hers, whose head, even when she stood on tiptoe, barely reached her shoulder.

Now that the lights were flaring, you could see that the room was furnished with the massive elegance of an earlier day.

The lofty walls were covered with exquisite engravings; the carpets of harmoniously subdued tints, the chairs of maroon leather; the sprawling legged centre table; the clumsy, well packed book case; the ponderous, pigeon-holed desks—all gave the apartment an air of solidity, and comfort.

"Will you lift the Countess to the lounge Mr. O'Donnell?"

It was Mrs. Trendworth who spoke.

But Geoffrey Damyn sprang forward.

"Allow me!" he said.

He stooped, caught up the small, lace-draped figure, carried her to the lounge, laid her down very gently.

She did not move, did not even lift her drooping lids.

They gathered round her, those who had been so merry an hour ago, silent and sympathetic.

Had the fortune teller predicted anything dreadful?

By the way, where was the fortune-teller?

Vanished as completely as though the earth had opened and swallowed her.

There was the throne-like chair before which Mary Dallas and Lady Iva had stood; there the amber lamp. But the prophetess had disappeared.

"Where did you find the old hag? I caught a glimpse of her as she skurried out."

One of the Earl's London guests had asked the question.

Mrs. Trendworth turned to him.

"Ah, that must remain a secret, as I promised it should," she said courteously, but firmly.

And just then the Earl came hurrying in!

"Lilian!"

He was bending over her. Iva, kneeling beside the lounge, looked up encouragingly.

"She is better, papa. Just a faintness—that is all. She will know me—see! Mamma!"

The dark-fringed lids lifted, then closed wearily. But in a moment she moved again, flung her left hand above her head.

Oh, Heaven, have mercy! What was that? Was he dreaming?

Breathless, fascinated, fearful, Sir Geoffrey Damyn, standing at the head of the lounge leaned forward. Because of their interest in the condition of the Countess, only one observed him. That one was Lionel Curzon.

On the little, soft, white hand of the Countess was fixed the young Baronet's half-terrified glance.

That curious red scar, beginning at the wrist and running zig-zag through the palm—how familiar it was!

Or one like it?

The luxurious room, with the Oriental hangings, its brilliant people faded away. In their place she saw a simple little parlor in an English sea-coast town, and a girl—a mere child, in fact—a lovely, brown-haired, rose-lipped little thing, playing with a shining India sword slipping, falling on it, cutting the dainty hand from wrist to finger-tip; and the bringing the cruel wound to him to bandage and kiss and make all well again.

Oh, how long ago it all seemed!

And now in the presence of all these commiserating, unsuspicious, aristocrats, here before the step-daughter, who reverenced her, and the man who had given her his haughty name, to see that self same crimson line. He was fairly petrified.

It was Lilian who now moved, spoke. Not Marguerite—Lilian!

But there was a wild consternation, horror in his look.

As she invariably did when he gazed steadily at her, she lifted her reluctant eyes to his. Just one brief and fleeting glance; but then she saw he knew.

CHAPTER XXXII.

HOME! And in her own bright, rich, cosy room, where curtains of ruby plush shut out the dreary winter night—where waxlights burned mellowly and a rosy fire leaped and cracked—how pleasant it all looked, how full of comfort! Yesterday she would have said how full of security and rest!

Security, rest! Would she ever know them again?

Long she sat in her favorite low chair by the hearth—long after every soul but she in the house was in bed and even the Earl

asleep—thinking, thinking, deeply.

She had told her maid she should not need her, but she did not attempt to undress.

In her chantilly and roses she lay there, watching the fire burn down—lay there, pale and motionless.

He knew!

That was sure. She had read recognition in his startled, incredulous face. That scar on her hand. He had seen it. What fatal unrefutable evidence it was!

And she?

Ah, with a revengeful fierceness she remembered the day, the very hour, her palm had fallen upon his sword.

What next? Would he denounce her? Surely he dare not do that! If he dragged her from the pinnacle to which she had climbed would he not fall headlong with her? Perhaps not though.

If he were to declare there had been no pretence of a marriage—that she had gone with him, lived with him—he would be believed. What proof to the contrary had she?

And society, that most unjust of autocrats, would shield her favorite son, while hurling the woman, whose sin was loving him, "like a snow flake from Heaven to hell."

Ah, yes, she could very clearly see how it would all be if he choose to speak!

Among proud dames and dowagers there would be significant nods and smiles, whispers of "young men's folly," of "wild oats," and then his direst punishment would be over. Once more would

"Mothers proffer their stainless daughters,
Men of honor salute him friend."

But for her—

Now she moved; now she put up her hands and covered her face, and huddled forward, shivering as with cold.

From her hair the dying roses dropped their crumpled, creamy petals.

Even if he were never to speak of that summer by the sea, could he not easily prove that the woman who was the wife of the Earl of Silverdale had been Marguerite, not Lilian Woodville?

Here were piled the faggots of suspicion. At a hint would a hundred recollections—Harold's, Iva's—heap them higher. Then the touch of a torch, and they would blaze.

Then what would remain? She would lose at one stroke all; and, more than all, Harold.

For she loved him truly and passionately—had loved him from the hour they met—would love him till she lay sheeted whitely in her coffin.

Ah, this woman's worship was scarcely kin to the girl's flattered and foolish fancy.

She had felt desperate the night she stood beside Lilian's quiet figure in the little, tawdry hotel parlor. She felt harldy less hunted, less despairing now.

Oh, life was wretched, after all! Was it worth while clinging to a thing, a thing so full of pain?

Yes, yes! It had its sweetness, too. Was she not near him? Had she not the right to be nearest and dearest to him always?

No longer the flames leaped and crackled. Dull and low and red they glowed.

She rose wearily. What hour was it? She glanced at her tiny Parisian clock on the bracket—a pretty toy, all marble-veined with gold.

Two!

So late!

And then she remembered it was Christmas Eve.

Just a year ago to-day since Lilian in her white cashmere and holly, had come down the stairway of the Honor and into the drawing-room, where she,in mud-splashed riding habit, sat in the fire-glow.

A year! Or was it a century?

She flung aside her faded roses, loosened her gown, unbraided her dusky tresses.

Suddenly she felt listless, weary and aged.

She went into her dressing room. Before the cheval mirror was a large bronze box, with a card lying on the lid.

Mechanically she lifted the latter, read the lines it bore.

"Wear these, for my sake, at the ball."
HAROLD."

She turned the key, threw back the lid. She was fairly blinded.

"Ah!" she cried, "the Silverdale diamonds!"

She had never seen them before; they had been at the bank in London. But now he had them brought down,thinking probably that they would delight her.

On a bed of black velvet they flashed—necklace, ear-rings, bracelet, brooch, and a string set on flexible golden wire for the hair.

They were magnificent. Few if any in England possessed jewels so superb. A Russian princess once offered a fortune for them, but there was not money enough in all Russia to purchase the Silverdale diamonds.

Far above and beyond their intrinsic value were they praised by the Romaine.

And they were hers!

She had all a woman's keen appreciation of such things—of fine jewels, rare laces, costliest stuffs. And these glittering stones had power tomake her for a brief while forget the slenderness of the thread upon which her position hung.

At last she closed the casket and locked away all its glittering wealth.

She went to bed, but the dawn was crimsoning in the east before her haggerd eyes closed.

And then it was to dream of a cloaked and hooded bag, saying to her, the Countess of Silverdale in a stern and bitter voice,—

"Your present is a living lie!"

It was late when she awoke. Harold was up, dressed, gone.

She lay quite still, feeling glad of having awakened, grateful for having left the horrors of dreamland.

Ah, but were there not worse than shadowy torments before her?

She remembered!

She cowered under the lace and linen and elder-down.

Geoffrey Damyn knew her. How could she ever meet him now?

And then she lashed herself with the sharp whip of her own contempt.

Nothing was revealed yet; perhaps nothing ever would be. What a coward she was to cry out before she was hurt!

She would face him; she would not let him see she feared him. She had everything to battle him for; why should she so lightly let her present triumph go? Why, at sight of the enemy, fling down her arms?

Surely she, who had dared so much, had nerve enough, pluck enough, to fight to a finish!

She sprang erect, reached out of bed, pulled the crimson cord hanging beside it.

Her maid appeared.

"Lady Iva said I was not to awaken you—that your ladyship had been ill again last evening," she said.

"That was right."

"Shall I bring up your breakfast, my lady?" she asked, when she had dressed her mistress.

"No, I shall go down. That is all, Jane."

"Shall I mend the Honiton, my lady? Is it that you will wear to-night?"

"To-night?"

She looked at her blankly.

"At the ball, your ladyship?"

"Oh!"

She had quite forgotten that to-night half the county was bidden to the Castle, and a special train coming down from London laden with guests.

How extraordinary that she could have failed to remember it! And yet overwhelmed with this new, wild terror, was it so very strange after all?

"Yes, I shall need it," absently. "You may go now, Jane."

And when the woman had left the room, she passed through the curtained arch into her boudoir, went straight to her pretty inlaid cabinet—a beautiful thing, which had been a wedding gift from a royal duke.

It was full of all manner of curious recesses, mirrors, folios, drawers.

To one of the latter she now stooped, pressed its hidden spring.

The drawer flew out.

She put in her hand, took out that which it contained.

Kneeling she fingered, examined the queer article—then held it to her lips kissed it.

She might not need it, but if the worst should come—oh, it would prove a trusty friend!

Once more the rich lips caressed it. Then she laid it back, snapped the lock, rose. And turned to face—the Earl of Silverdale!

CHAPTER XXXIII.

HE HAD not seen her treasure. He had only just then appeared on the threshold.

But in the moment he became conscious, rather than saw, that she held something in her hands.

He heard her kiss it. Then the spring clicked, she had risen, was looking full at him.

There was a barely perceptible hesitation. Then he came over to where she stood, bent down, kissed her.

He too, remembered it was just a year ago since he first had seen her. And how lovely she had looked in her white, silver embroidered gown, with the holly in her hair!

His heart warmed with the recollection.

"You are yourself again, love?"

"Oh, yes!" with a bright smile and upward glance. "It was very silly of me to faint last night."

"It was wrong of me to have allowed you to risk any excitement," he declared. "I hope the huge affair you and Iva have planned for to-night will not overtax you."

"No, no! I am quite well. It will be delightful!"

Her color and her courage had come back with a rush.

How ridiculous of her to have been so despondent last night! With Harold beside her—strong, gentle, kindly, tender—surely all was well.

"You do look blooming!" he assented.

She did. A glow of excitement, hope, stuborn resolution kindled in her cheeks.

"Lilian?"

"Yes, dear."

"There is one thing I wish you would do for me to-night."

"I promise."

What would she not do for him?

"Wear your wedding dress."

"Oh, Haroid!"

He smiled.

"Well, Will you?"

There came along the hall without the flutter of a woman's draperies.

"A merry Christmas, little mamma! It is almost time to say it, is it not?"

Looking very radiant, very youthful, with her shining hair brushed off her forehead and braided in childish fashion down her neck, Iva stood in the doorway.

To her the Countess appealed.

"Just think what he suggests, Iva!"

To wear the robe poor Lilian had been married in! It was sacred as a shroud. Oh, she could not,

"Anything very dreadful?"

"Very. He thinks I ought to wear to-night my—my wedding dress!"

"Oh, do!"

"But I am in mourning, and—"

"And I dont wonder you have the blues so dreadfully sometimes. Yes, you know you do, mamma. You can be just as sorry for your sister in a white gown as a black one. You would please papa, look prettier, and feel a good deal more cheerful yourself.

"What an argument! Surely a lawyer was spoiled in you, Iva!" laughed the Earl.

The Countess did not speak. She seemed to be considering.

She was the first mistress who had ruled at Silverdale Castle for many a year. Why should she not appear to-night in the splendor her position warranted? Looking fairer than ever, would she not completely win back the Earl? He had been oddly changed of late. More than all, what a splendid defiance she, in bridal attire and the Silverdale diamonds, would be to Sir Geoffrey Damyn! She would dazzle him.

He would understand that the girl who had been brilliant enough to make herself Countess of Silverdale, in spite of all that had come and gone, was sufficiently clever to retain her prize at any cost.

Suddenly she looked up.

"Yes, I shall wear it!"

"That is right, mamma. You will look like a queen—a wee one though. Now for breakfast. Do you know the Davenlys came this morning?"

And talking and laughing she put her arm around her and whisked her away.

Lord Silverdale following his bewitching wife and daughter, paused as a thought struck him.

His brow grew dark.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS.—A habitual drunkard in Norway and Sweden renders himself liable to imprisonment for his love for strong drink, and during his incarceration he is required to submit to a plan of treatment for the cure of his failing, which is said to produce marvellous results. The plan consists in making the delinquent subsist entirely on bread and wine. The bread is steeped in a bowl of wine for an hour or more before the meal is served. The first day the habitual toper takes his food in this shape without repugnance; the second day he finds it less agreeable to his palate; finally he positively loathes the sight of it. Experience shows that a period of from eight to ten days of the regimen is generally more than sufficient to make a man evince the greatest aversion to anything in the shape of wine. Many men after their incarceration become total abstainers.

HARNESS.—A horse with a well-fitting harness, especially a well-fitting collar, feels just like a man whose clothes do not pinch him; and will of course, do its work easier and better.

Bric-a-Brac.

CARRIAGES.—Carriages appeared in England first under the reign of Elizabeth, and were fairly common by 1605. These were, however, private vehicles. But in 1634 a retired sea-captain, of the name of Baily, by way of exercising his horses during the winter, harnessed them to four carriages and sent them to one of the London throughfares with his servants, who were instructed to offer them to the public at a fixed tariff. The experiment was successful, and the hackney carriage became a recognized institution.

BIRDS AND ANIMALS.—Birds and animals, when collected in numbers together, have curious technical names applied to them. It is right to say "a covey of partridges," "a nide of pheasants," "a wisp of snipe," "a bevy of quails," "a flight of doves," or "swallows," "a muster of peacocks," "a building of rooks," "a brood of grouse," "a plump of wild fowl," "a stand of plovers," "a watch of nightingales," "a flock of geese," "a cast of hawks," "a herd of swine," "a skulk of foxes," "a pack of wolves," "a drove of oxen," "a sounder of hogs," "a troop of monkeys," "a shoal of herring" and "a swarm of bees."

CHINESE HOUSES.—The houses of the Chinese are for the most part only one story high. Those of the lower orders have a mean and miserable appearance; while those of the rich have numbers of fine, ornamented, and airy apartments, with space between them to admit the light as well as the air. These spaces are always in front and back, the light being seldom given at the sides; and the houses are surrounded by extensive and beautiful gardens,adorned with artificial lakes, rocks, cascades, buildings of various descriptions, walks, bridges,etc. In the ornamenting and beautifying of gardens the Chinese excel all other nations. By means of a variety of winding walks, they make a small place appear twice as large as it really is.

RAIN IN RUSSIA.—Amongst the most grotesque superstitions is the ceremony performed in some parts of Russia to bring on the rain in a season of drought. An old woman, with a rag to cover her, is at midnight harnessed to a plow and driven through the village, whilst the male portion of the population are supposed to be sleeping. Her drivers are the village maidens, in their nightgowns. If any of the men, except the graybeards, should be tempted by profane curiosity to look on this strange procession, a great misfortune will befall the community. There is a romantic side to these degrading superstitions, fortunately. In South Russia, every stream and tree is believed to have its spiritual denizen, bringing mortals the luck they deserve.

ABOUT FANS.—In spite of all that has been written about fans at various periods and in all languages, the subject is always interesting, and the fan itself continues to hold its place in the favor of the fair, as it has done for centuries. Neither have the sterner sex disdained its use, for in the early part of the seventeenth century we read of grave and solemn celebrities being provided with large and ponderous specimens of what we are nowadays accustomed to consider and essential feminine adjunct. Iron fans were also formerly employed by Japanese warriors as shields, and formed, when furled,weapons of formidable power, a description which might also be applied to certain long-handled fans when employed, as said to have been occasionally the case, by British matrons for the correction of their refractory daughters. At the beginning of our century large fans replaced parasols out of doors, as they still do in Spain.

THE SNAKE'S JEWEL.—There is a belief current in all parts of India that a certain variety of snake called Shesh Nag, when it attains the age of 1,000 years has a precious jewel formed in its head. This jewel, it is affirmed owns the quality of sucking up the poison of the deadliest snake,if applied to the wounded part. Strangely enough, a Parsi is reputed to possess this invaluable jewel, which has already saved several lives. The jewel is said to contain a thin, crescent-like fibre, which unceasingly oscillates in the centre. Gaikwar of Baroda, the Maharajah of Kolhapur, and many other native Princes are said to have offered several hundred thousand rupees for this unique jewel. There is another belief prevalent in India that if a man be sleeping, no matter where, and a Shesh Nag come and sit beside him, with the hood spread over the sleeper's face, the latter is sure to be a son of fortune. Popular tradition assigns the same reason to the rise of Haidar Ali of Mysore from a common soldier.

SOMETIMES.

BY MORLEY.

Sometimes
A hinted likeness in a stranger's face,
A sudden gleaming smile, a turn of head,
Some courteous deed touching remembered grace,
The faint reflection of a light long fled,
Quickens my dead again—
Ah me, the pain!

Sometimes
A sunset glory shining o'er the land,
A passing glance from eyes that know not me,
Two friends that meet with kindly clasp of hand,
The moon's dim silver on a June night's sea,
Brings back my lost again—
Ah me, the pain!

LORD AND LADY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VANOOR," "BY CROOKED PATHS," "SHEATHED IN VELVET," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.

CYRIL ROSE and began to pace the room. To leave Santleigh and go to Brittany; to leave Norah for weeks, perhaps months!

Jack Wesley watched him gravely.

"What ails you, man?" he said. "But hear me out. It is not only the money—and I suppose that is not wholly a matter of indifference to you?"

Cyril stopped a moment to murmur, "Don't be angry with me, Jack!" and resumed his pacing.

"I am not angry; only surprised. I thought you would fling up your hat, order round champagne, and behave yourself in your usual imbecile fashion when luck comes your way. But to proceed. It is not only money, though that is a fair sum enough, but there is something else hanging to it; the something you and I are always clamoring and whining for—Fame."

Cyril stopped suddenly.

"Newall wants you to paint this other picture and make it a companion to 'The Silver Stream,' and he intends calling it 'The Golden Sands.' Original idea, isn't it?" and he laughed cynically. "But it's the sort of thing the public like. And he means to exhibit them in that new gallery he and his fellow cranks—I beg your pardon, connoisseurs—are getting up. See?"

"Yes."

"I'm glad you do. A word from Newall, the mere fact that he has taken you in hand and bought your pictures, will make you. Cyril Burne will be the artist of the coming season, and——"

He laughed.

Cyril came over to him and put his hands on the broad shoulders.

"Jack," he said, quietly enough, but with a tremor in his voice, "it is you who have worked this."

Jack Wesley colored and fidgeted.

"Bah!" he said, "I—I merely suggested it to Newall."

"I knew it!" said Cyril. "And what must you think of me when you see me hesitating? But, Jack—no, I'm not going to thank you! Sit still—but, Jack, if you knew all!"

Jack Wesley stretched for his pipe and lit it.

"Go on," he said resignedly. "It was Disraeli who said that 'adventures were to the adventerous,' and I never knew a man more adventurous than yourself. What have you been doing now?"

"Jack," said Cyril, coloring a little, but speaking almost gravely, "I have seen her."

"Allow me to remark, my dear Cyril, that 'her' is rather indefinite! You are alluding to the young lady whom you saw going in at the park gates at Santleigh, and whose voice you mistook for mine on the terrace that night. George! it's a mercy we weren't shot. I expect I shall find myself landed some day with six month's hard labor as a penalty for being in bad company, yours to wit. But the young lady. You've seen her, you say? I suppose you have hung about the ducal—was the swell a duke or an earl? Oh, I remember, an earl: Lord Arrowdale—I suppose you have lain in wait for the lady, or do you serenade her in the troubadour fashion? You would make a capital troubador, Cyril. I often think that the stage has lost an ornament in you; yours is just the figure for the typical melodramatic lover, and your voice—but I beg your pardon, you are dying to tell me all about the latest goddess. How many times have you been in love, Cyril?"

Cyril knew that a deep interest underlay all this banter, and bore it good-humoredly.

"Yes, you are right, Jack," he said; "I am in love. I told you so the night you left Santleigh, and I spoke the honest truth."

He got up and resumed his pacing, and Jack Wesley threw him the tobacco pouch.

"Have the goodness to smoke," he said, "then you'll sit down perhaps. I don't wish to appear inhospitable, but I should like to remark that my carpets won't stand much of that promenading."

Cyril lit his pipe and threw himself into a chair.

"Jack, you may laugh at me," he said. "I fought hard against it after you left, but it was no use. I went into the woods next day to work—honestly—but I thought of her all the time, and lo and behold she came."

"Mesmeric influence," muttered Jack Wesley cynically.

"Before she appeared, a fellow, a Mr. Berton, had ridden up and warned me off, none too pleasantly, for trespassing, and we were in the middle of a row. I think he wanted to strike me badly; he's got a bad temper, poor man! She appeared on——"

"Like an angel with a harp and an olive branch, typical of the peacemaker? Go on; I'll use it for my next story."

"The man went and—and I got her—Heaven knows how!—to stop. I—I put the dog she had with her into the sketch, and—we talked."

"The dog and you?"

"Jack, it is impossible to describe her."

"Good Heavens, my dear fellow, don't attempt it!" ejaculated Jack with much alarm.

"She is the most beautiful girl I ever saw; there is nothing in the Gallery that would do her justice. But if she were as plain as——"

"As a Dutch woman," put in Jack sarcastically.

"I should love her as dearly. If you only knew her! But you will so me day, soon I hope, and you will love her for her own sake and mine too."

"Well, go on."

"I—I might never have had another chance of seeing her, but luck was on my side. She was coming from a visit late at night, and an accident happened——"

"And you were there and saved her," put in Jack, with a forced smile of amusement covering his interest. "Admirable! Quite a scene in a melodrama. Were you much hurt? I noticed that you carried your arm rather stiffly. It isn't a cork one, is it?"

"I walked home with her to the Court," went on Cyril, taking no notice of Jack's running commentary, "and—and—yes, I told her that I loved her!"

Jack Wesley stared at him.

"Yes, most certainly the stage has lost a great deal," he muttered. "You told her?"

"Yes," said Cyril, his face flushed, his eyes glowing, and he seemed scarcely conscious of Jack's presence. "We met in the glade next day, and I——"

He got up and laid both hands on Jack's shoulders and looked down at him earnestly.

"Jack she loves me! She has promised to be my wife!"

Jack Wesley's face grew grave.

"Isn't this rather serious, my dear fellow?" he said quietly.

"It is serious; it is the most serious thing that has ever happened to me," replied Cyril. It has changed my whole life! Ah, if I could only get you to understand how happy I am!"

"Perhaps I do understand. And now, may I ask who the young lady is? The governess at the Court, or who?"

Cyril stared at him.

"Do you mean to say you don't know?" he demanded.

"How should I? Remember that I left the night of your first fit of madness and know nothing. It is the governess, or some young girl visiting at the Court?"

"It is the earl's daughter, Lady Norah Arrowdale," said Cyril.

Jack Wesley took his pipe out of his mouth and looked at Cyril gravely.

"Lord Arrowdale's daughter?" he said slowly. "And—and may I ask, without being impertinently curious, what the Right Honorable the Earl of Arrowdale says to this pretty romance?"

Cyril's face grew as grave as his friend's.

"Well," he said, "he has said nothing at present; he does not know of our engagement."

Jack Wesley's face flushed, and he looked hard at the ground.

"You have not told him—been to him?" he said strangely.

"No," said Cyril. "Let me tell you all, Jack. I think—I am sure that Norah is rather afraid of her father. She knows so little of him, you see. Why, she had not seen him until that night I saw her drive through the gates. There is a story concerning their separation which is too long to tell now. But she is almost a stranger to him, and we—well, we both shrank from telling him until I had made a success. Then I could go to him with greater courage. I should still just be an artist, but there is a difference between the unknown painter and the successful one. Art is noble in all its forms and grades, but——"

"I understand," said Jack Wesley, and his voice sounded strangely cold. "And yet you decline Lord Newall's offer; you will not go to Brittany?"

Cyril looked at him. He had never heard his friend address him in this tone before.

"No, I don't decline, I accept. But if you ever loved as I love, Jack, you would understand what a couple of months separation from the woman you loved means," and his handsome face flushed. "Of course I will accept, and with gratitude to you and to him. As you say, it means both money and fame. Why, it is just that for what I was waiting! I will go to Brittany, and then with my position assured I can go to the earl and ask him to give me my darling."

Jack Wesley was silent.

"Aren't you going to give me one word of congratulation, Jack?" ask Cyril in a low voice.

"I congratulate you," said Jack Wesley, coldly.

Cyril drew his chair nearer and looked into Jack's downcast face.

"What is it, Jack? You are angry with me about something. What is it?"

"Don't ask me," and Jack Wesley got up and, turning to his table, began to pull the papers about.

"But I insist," said Cyril earnestly. "Jack, you and I have never spoken a cross word to each other yet; there has never been a breath of coldness between us until now. What is it?"

"Don't insist," asked Jack, with a pained look. "Let us talk of something else."

"But I do insist. I could not rest until I knew what I had done, said——"

"Well, if you will have it," said Jack, as driven at bay, "I think you have acted—well, not as I should have expected you to act, Cyril."

"I? What have I done?" demanded Cyril.

Jack Wesley flung his pipe violently on the table.

"In plain words, Cyril, you have allowed yourself to drift into a course unworthy of you. You have permitted your feeling to sweep away those barriers which every honorable man should place between him and an unworthy need. Tell me—don't speak yet—but just tell me what you would have said to me if I, the struggling unknown writer, had won the love of a girl so far above me as a peer's daughter would be, and had, having won that love, induced her to plight her troth to me, her father being kept in ignorance?"

Cyril's face flushed, then turned pale.

"She is, as you say, quite unsophisticated, knows little or nothing of the world. Loves you? Of course she does. I can understand that; there is nothing marvellous in it. But that very love of hers should have made you careful of her. Do you think her father the earl will not say that you have taken advantage of her ignorance of the world—his world? Do you think he will not point out to you—cast it into your teeth—that she is what she is, and that you are only a poor devil of a painter?"

With tightly compressed lips and face pale and troubled Cyril looked down at him.

"Jack," he said in a low voice, "your heart is pure gold. I might have known what you would have thought, have guessed what you have had the honesty and the candor to say. But,"—he drew a long breath—"thank God, I can say, 'Jack, you have wronged me.'"

Jack Wesley glanced at the handsome face and shook his head.

"How have I wronged you?" he said. "I am judging you by your own confession. I don't say that he could help loving this peer's daughter; I daresay not. I say that I think it only natural she should have given you her heart; but—why, lad," and his face was full of grief, "if anyone had told me that you—you—had acted so I would have given him the lie."

Cyril took two or three turns up and down the room. His face was strangely troubled, but here was no trace of shame or remorse in it.

"You are very hard on me Jack," he said in a low voice.

"Am I? Put it down to my regard for you," responded Jack Wesley. "You are the only man in all the world I care to call 'friend' and that being so I am as careful of your honor as I am of my own. Confound the women! They blind even such a man as you to a sense of right and wrong. Can't you see it, can't you see it?" he demanded, with outstretched hands. "Put yourself in the place of this old man; think what you would say if you learned that a man had been enjoying stolen interviews with your daughter, and that he had induced her to plight her troth to him, and then—mark this well—when the young man chose he came to you and told you—an earl!—that he was only a poor devil of a painter?"

"Well?" said Cyril, biting his lip and looking, not at his friend's noble, earnest face, but at the opposite wall, with a strange look of doubt and indecision.

"Well," echoed Jack, "what do you think you would say? Why, just what this lord will say. He will tell you that you have no right to engage yourself to his daughter, to a lady who is, so far as social position is concerned, infinitely above you. Why, man, these people look upon us as of different flesh and blood—or rather, they are flesh and blood, and we are—just mud!"

An expression of pain swept over Cyril's handsome face.

"Don't, Jack," he said in a low voice. "It makes it all the harder for me.

Jack Wesley did not understand, but pressed on with suppressed earnestness.

"You should know what I say is true. Not only the earl, but all the world will say it. And she——"

Cyril started.

"She—the Lady Norah—will come in time to think that she has thrown herself away."

Cyril strode across the room and forced Jack into a chair, and, standing looking down at him with a pale face, said—

"Jack, I can't bear it any longer; you are right! If I had acted as you say I could have been a mean hound. As it is now, you make me feel as if I should have gone to him at once and told him all. But, Jack—now don't be hard upon me—it is true I am only a poor painter, but I am what the idiotic world chooses to consider something better, confound it! My name is not Cyril Burne——"

Jack looked up at him with a steady gaze and set lips.

"I am the earl's nephew, Viscount Santleigh!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

JACK WESLEY gave a slight start, then he looked at Cyril almost angrily.

"This is rather a surprise, my lord," he said coldly.

"'My lord!' Oh, come now, Jack," remonstrated Cyril, flushing and eyeing his friend anxiously but affectionately; "you're not going to cut up rough, are you?"

"I don't know about cutting up rough, my lord," said Jack, with emphasis on the title; "but if I am to speak my mind to your lordship, I should say that you have played it pretty low down on me."

Cyril hung his head, and after a moment Jack Wesley continued:

"I don't demand an explanation, but perhaps you won't mind telling me why you considered it necessary to carry on this masquerade? Why did you pass yourself off as a common person like myself——"

"Now, Jack!" implored Cyril.

"Why did you allow me to believe that you were just a hard-up artist, and permit me to make a friend of you? I'm not proud——"

"Oh, are you not? Oh, no," muttered Cyril.

"But I'm not over fond of lords at the best of times, and I—well, I repeat it: you have played it considerably low down upon me," and his face flushed angrily. "Now I'm on the candid line I may as well continue and speak my whole mind, and at the risk of offending your lordship I beg to state that I think that for an out-at-elbows artist to pass himself off for a lord is not much meaner than for a lord to pass himself off as a struggling artist. But I hope you have found it amusing," and he nodded almost savagely.

"Look here," said Cyril desperately, "what's the use of getting furious like this, Jack? I am a struggling artist, though I am Viscount Santleigh."

"Indeed!" commented Jack caustically, as he deliberately knocked the ashes out of his pipe.

"Yes. Listen to me, Jack. I—I didn't mean to tell you; you forced it out of me."

"It's rather a pity that I didn't force it out of you earlier," remarked Jack Wesley grimly.

"Well, perhaps it is. But I'm not such a bad lot in the way of deception as you make me," retorted Cyril. "Jack," and he let his hand fall upon his friend's shoulder in the old familiar way, "you have not gone through what I have; you'd understand——"

"Perhaps not," growled Jack; "I certainly don't understand."

"Let me make it plain for you——"

"It's plain enough, not to say ugly, as it is."

"My father," went on Cyril, paying no attention to the ill-humored interruption, and still looking earnestly at Jack, "my father died while I was at Oxford. I was twenty two then, and I started life a viscount, the nephew of an earl, with my mother's money and no end of good spirits. I thought life was going to be all beer and skittles, and so it was—for a time. I didn't know anything about the world. I didn't know anything about money, and I went the old road like the young fool I was, without thinking of anything but the pleasure of the moment. That was for a time, and not a very long time either. Before I had got through my money—yes, Jack, even before that—I saw through the hollowness of the game. I saw that the people round me were pleasant and smooth just because I was Viscount Santleigh, and heir to the title and estates. I was young and green, but verdant as I was I soon discovered that it was for the good things of the world that were to fall to my share that people made up to me. I didn't suspect it at first. I thought that it was because I was rather a pleasant kind of a fellow that the women with daughters—yes, and the girls themselves—were so amiable and friendly. But I got my eyes open at last, and I—well, I don't like it."

"That's strange!" remarked Jack caustically.

"I got suspicious," resumed Cyril, taking no notice, "suspicious of everybody I met. When a pretty girl was more than usually pleasant and amiable, I said to myself, 'It's not yourself she cares about, it's the Santleigh coronet she is making for,' and the thought was just torture. I had an idea that I'd cut the whole thing, and go off and bury myself in America, Australia, anywhere out of the beastly world where every poor girl is taught to fish for a man because he happens to be able to make a countess and a rich woman of her. While I was thinking of this, and seriously meaning it, the crash came. Give me some more 'bacco, Jack."

Jack threw him the pouch without a word.

"I'd been going the pace ever since I came into my mother's money, and I had spent every penny of it. Worse, I had borrowed; and the nice little bits of paper were coming in like pigeons to roost. Then I woke up thoroughly, and I swore that I wouldn't be a mere tailor's dummy clothed in a title any longer. I swore I would cut the old life, the sporting clubs, and the rest of it, and—and—well, I made up my to try and prove myself a man."

Jack puffed at his pipe, leaning his head upon his hand, but looking almost as grim and surly as before.

"I'd got a knack of drawing and painting," went on Cyril, "and I thought that I had try and earn my living at that. If that failed I determined I'd try something else, I didn't care what. I'd drive a cab—I could do that—or become a tram car conductor, or keep a bookstall at a railway station, or enter the police force, or enlist in the guards—anything—anything in the world rather than go back to the old useless life, of which I was utterly sick and tired and ashamed."

He paused, and Jack Wesley glanced at him a little less savagely.

"I had a hard time of it, Jack. I never knew the value of the coin until I'd lost it, I hadn't any idea how beastly it was to live in a wretched little attic in an out-of-the-way street until I tried it; and the worst of it was that it looked as if I shouldn't be able to live even in an attic if I depended upon my artistic skill. The picture dealers wouldn't look at me—and quite right, for I couldn't paint them worth a cent—and I was walking up and down Waterloo Bridge trying to make up my mind as to which of the pleasing occupations I have mentioned I should turn my hand to when—you found me!"

His voice dropped a little, and he looked at the grim face affectionately and gratefully.

"It was a friend I wanted, a man who knew the seamy side of life, and could give me a helping hand, and you did it. It was you, Jack, who encouraged me to work on: it was you who persuaded the dealers that there was money in my daubs; it was you who, standing by like the friend we read of in ancient history but very seldom see, have kept me going and pushed me up to where I am."

Jack Wesley shuffled his feet.

"Yes! Under the impression that I was dealing with a square man, not a fellow who would turn round on me with his viscountship!" he growled.

"You think I ought to have told you. Well, I tried once or twice. I tried down at Santleigh at the Chequers. But I was right to keep my secret, for you would have thrown me overboard, as you'd like to do now, I daresay."

"I should," assented Jack promptly.

"But you're not going to," retorted Cyril. "But I haven't done yet. We went down to Santleigh. I had an idea I'd like to see the old place that would be mine some day, if I cared to claim it——"

Jack stared at him.

"Yes; I'm not certain I should ever have claimed it. I have been happy as Cyril Burne, a far happier than I was as Viscount Santleigh," declared Cyril, "and I'd made up my mind that I'd keep as I am. The earl—my uncle—had offered to buy me out. He wanted to cut off the entail, and have the place and the money to do as he liked with, to leave it to whom he pleased. But somehow I rather kicked at this, and I refused. I meant to live on what I earned. I was proud of every penny I got. Proud of it! That was the only reason. But I'm glad for another that I didn't sell my birthright. Santleigh will be hers someday, Jack; not for years, I hope, but someday it will be hers, and I'm glad I have not sold my inheritance. Not that I care about it for myself. No! I'd rather be known as Cyril Burne the painter than the Earl of Arrowdale with a rent roll a yard long and a seat in the House of Lords."

With his handsome face flushed and his eyes glowing he began to pace the room.

"Any fool can be an earl, Jack," he went on, "but it isn't everybody who can write a good book or even paint a decent picture. Them's my sentiments, and though I'm sorry I deceived you, I don't think you'll be hard upon me."

He stopped opposite his friend and held out his hand, looking down upon him with the frank smile that was full of a grateful tenderness.

Jack grunted, but he took the hand.

"Well, I suppose it's more your misfortune than your fault, your being a viscount," he said; and I'll say I'll try to forgive you and get used to it; but the artist game's played out now, I imagine. You'll go down to the Earl What's-his-name, and, striking an attitude, exclaim, 'Behold your nephew the viscount! I come to claim my cousin for my bride!'"

Cyril's face softened, and a rapt look came into his eyes, the look of a man when he hears the word "bride" and calls up the vision of his beloved; but he shook his head.

"No, Jack, not that. I didn't tell you that until the other day I had never seen the earl."

"No!"

"No. My father—his brother—and he quarrelled years ago. I don't think it was my father's fault, because the earl somehow has managed to quarrel with all his relatives. Why his own wife——"

He stopped.

"You should see him, Jack. He's like a Lord Chesterfield made out of steel, and beautifully burnished."

He drew himself up and flugered an imaginary eyeglass, and looked so like the earl that Jack, thought he had not seen his lordship, smiled.

"How such a sweet, beautiful, angelic creature as Norah can be his daughter ——"

Jack smiled again.

"But she must take after her mother, poor woman. Jack, her father kept her father kept her from him until the other day. Isn't he an amiable, tender-hearted party?"

There was silence for a moment, then Jack Wesley asked:

"And what do *you* mean to do, my lord?"

"Punch your head if you call me 'my lord' again, for one thing," said Cyril promptly; then his face grew grave. "I mean to follow out my plan, Jack. I wooed my darling as plain Cyril Burne the artist, and I mean to win her as such."

"That's roll" remarked Jack quietly.

"No," said Cyril firmly. "If I went down and declared myself and asked for Norah"—what music he made of the name!—"my amiable uncle would show me the door with his most elegant smile, and shut my darling in her room. I know him! There is no love lost between us, and he'd take delight in kicking me out. No! I'll stick to my work, Jack. I'll paint this picture for Lord Newall, and if it makes a hit I'll present myself at Santleigh as Cyril Burne, and——"

"Get kicked a little harder," finished Jack cynically, "and then——"

Cyril's face flushed.

"Why, then I will say to my darling, Norah, will you still forget the difference between us, and leave all this for a little cottage——"

"And cold shoulder of mutton. And she will say——"

"Yes!" exclaimed Cyril, his eyes glowing brightly with his trust and faith in the girl he loved.

Jack Wesley tilted his chair on its hind legs and smiled.

"It's pretty, very," he said cynically. "It sounds like a popular poem, or the scene from a play; but, mark my words, young 'un, you will come to grief. Something or somebody will put a spoke in your wheel, and while you are fooling around, playing at being an artist and talking of your cottage by the stream, you will lose your beautiful Lady Norah."

Cyril laughed—actually laughed.

"Lose her!" he said; ah, Jack, you don't know her. Wait until you've seen her, talked to her, listened to her, watched the smile on her face, the light in her dear eyes! You'll realize then how firm and true, how staunch she is, my angel!"

Jack Wesley shrugged his shoulders.

"Lord preserve me from this madness they call love!" he muttered. "But I've said my say. The words of wisdom have been uttered, and, as usual, have been scoffed at. So, young man, you must go your own Colney Hatch way. Enough" —he paused, and a kindly light shone in his earnest eyes—"I'm idiot enough to feel a little proud of you——"

"Jack!"

"Yes, I'm proud of you. I thought when you sprang your viscountship upon me that there was an end of work for you, an end of an honest, self-respecting career. Yes, Cyril; though you are a fool for not taking my advice. I think the better of you for declining it; and to prove it, I'll agree to forget that you are a lord, and treat you as if you were a respectable man."

Cyril laughed and shook him to and fro.

"Good old Jack!" he exclaimed, I'd no idea you disliked a lord so much."

"Oh, I like 'em well enough—at a distance," said Jack Wesley grimly. "But now to business. If you mean all you say, the sooner you see Lord Newall's man and arrange about this picture the better."

"Yes," assented Cyril promptly. I'll look him up at once, and then—and then I'll start for Brittany. But I must run down to Santleigh first, old man; I've got to get my traps and—and," he blushed ingeniously,

Jack Wesley laughed.

"Oh, I understand, and to say 'good-bye.'"

"Oh, and I've promised to go to a flare up at a great friend of Nora's," said Cyril, remembering Lady Ferndale's invitation for Wednesday week.

"All right," said Jack, "off with you now then. I've wasted quite enough time upon you this morning."

Cyril laughingly made for the door, when a knock came, and Jack, already bending over his papers, called out "Come in."

Cyril stepped aside, the door opened, and a man entered. Cyril had never seen him before, and he looked at him with some curiosity. He was an elderly man with a weatherbeaten face and iron grey hair, thick-set and muscular; and his figure and the old and patched pea-jacket he wore gave him the appearance of a sea captain down on his luck, or a bargee, or perhaps a discharged coastguardsman.

Cyril—artist like—thought that he would make a capital model for a figure in a "ship piece," when the man, glancing at him from under a pair of shaggy brows, stopped short.

"Beg pardon," he said in a rough voice. "Didn't know you weren't alone."

"All right, Furlong," said Jack. "A friend of mine, Mr. Cyril Burne. Wait a moment, Cyril, before you go," he added.

Cyril walked to the window and looked out at the quiet thoroughfare, and the elderly man in the pea-jacket took a roll of paper from his pocket and laid it on the table.

Jack opened it and looked it over.

"All right, Furlong," he said with a nod, and he took out some silver coins and handed them to the man, who took them and gruffly growled his thanks.

"Any more?" he asked.

"Yes," said Jack, and he took some papers from his desk and gave them to him. "Get them done as soon as you can. Can you let me have them back to-morrow?"

Furlong examined the papers.

"The day after," he said shortly.

Jack nodded

"Very well, the day after, you. Did find anything very wrong in the last lot?"

"No. There are no leopards in that part of the world."

Cyril stared, and Jack laughed.

"Oh, I don't know. I'll be more careful in my zoology another time."

"You can't know everything," remarked the man curtly.

"I beg your pardon, Furlong," retorted Jack gravely, "an author does know everything. He's bound to; once he admits he doesn't, he can throw up the sponge."

The man smiled, glanced round the room and at Cyril, and with a nod walked out.

"Who on earth was that, Jack?" asked Cyril.

"An old fellow I picked up the other day," replied Jack Wesley. "He says his name is Furlong, and that he has been a mate on board a trading ship, a planter's foreman in Ceylon, a fur trader in Hudson's Bay Territory, and several other things of a like or unlike character; I found him sitting on the doorstep the other night, and as he seemed hard up I hunted out some work for him. Poor beggar, he was regularly stranded; but," with a cynical smile, "he will probably turn out a duke in disguise."

Cyril laughed.

"That's one for me, old man, I suppose. Poor old chap. But what does he do for you? What were those papers he brought in?"

"Well, it's strange—that is, if anything is strange in this ruminiest of all rummy worlds—but Furlong, rough as he looks, appears to have been decently educated. Anyhow he writes a good enough hand for copying, and so I give him my awful scrawl to turn into legible calligraphy."

"But what was that about leopards?" said Cyril with an amused smile.

Jack Wesley laughed.

"Oh, I make mistakes sometimes; put animals and flowers and all sorts of things in countries where they don't live or grow; and Furlong, who seems to have been in every quarter of the globe, spots the mistakes and sets me right."

"Well, of all the curious experiences!" exclaimed Cyril. "Who, would guess that that rough-looking codger could set the great and learned Mr. John Wesley right in anything."

"Yes, curious, isn't it?" assented Jack, "but appearances are deceitful. Who, for instance, would suppose that Mr. Cyril Burne was——"

"Now, Jack, shut up! I say, your friend has a remarkably striking exterior. Do you think he'd mind sitting to me as a model?"

"I should say he wouldn't have the slightest objection," said Jack, "to earning money in that or any way, honest or dishonest. Oh, yes, he'd sit for a model well. You might call him 'The Returned Convict.'"

"What," said Cyril, "do you think——"

"No, no," said Jack quickly. "I do not know anything about him, and have no reason to suppose that he was ever in Botany Bay. As I say, he will probably turn out to be a duke instead of a ticket of-leave man."

"The old fellow has a furtive way of looking about him," said Cyril, upon whom Mr. Furlong seemed to have made an impression.

"I daresay. So would you have if you had gone through half what he says he has," remarked Jack. "But about Newall. You won't leave London until you have seen him and settled something definite? He is a slippery customer, and is worth sticking to."

"All right," assented Cyril, "I mean business, Jack, and will stick to his lordship like wax."

Jack grinned.

"How surprised he would look if you sent in your card—your proper one, I mean!" he said.

Cyril laughed and then frowned.

"That's a secret which I have only shared with you, Jack," he said rather gravely.

"Confound you, yes, and I wish you'd kept it to yourself," growled Jack. "There, be off now. What with you and that old ruffian, my morning's nearly gone.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SOMETIMES.

BY MORLEY.

Sometimes
A hinted likeness in a stranger's face,
A sudden gleaming smile, a turn of head,
Some courteous deed touching remembered grace,
The faint reflection of a light long fled,
Quickens my dead again—
Ah me, the pain!

Sometimes
A sunset glory shining o'er the land,
A passing glance from eyes that know not me,
Two friends that meet with kindly clasp of hand,
The moon's dim silver on a June night's sea,
Brings back my lost again—
Ah me, the pain!

LORD AND LADY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," "BY CROOKED PATHS," "SHEATHED IN VELVET," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.

CYRIL ROSE and began to pace the room. To leave Santleigh and go to Brittany; to leave Norah for weeks, perhaps months!

Jack Wesley watched him gravely.

"What ails you, man?" he said. "But hear me out. It is not only the money—and I suppose that is not wholly a matter of indifference to you?"

Cyril stopped a moment to murmur, "Don't be angry with me, Jack!" and resumed his pacing.

"I am not angry; only surprised. I thought you would fling up your hat, order round champagne, and behave yourself in your usual imbecile fashion when luck comes your way. But to proceed. It is not only money, though that is a fair sum enough, but there is something else hanging to it; the something you and I are always clamoring and whining for—Fame."

Cyril stopped suddenly.

"Newall wants you to paint this other picture and make it a companion to 'The Silver Stream,' and he intends calling it 'The Golden Sands.' Original idea, isn't it?" and he laughed cynically. "But it's the sort of thing the public like. And he means to exhibit them in that new gallery he and his fellow cranks—I beg your pardon, connoisseurs—are getting up. See?"

"Yes."

"I'm glad you do. A word from Newall, the mere fact that he has taken you in hand and bought your pictures, will make you. Cyril Burne will be the artist of the coming season, and——"

He laughed.

Cyril came over to him and put his hands on the broad shoulders.

"Jack," he said, quietly enough, but with a tremor in his voice, "it is you who have worked this."

Jack Wesley colored and fidgeted.

"Bah!" he said, "I—I merely suggested it to Newall."

"I knew it!" said Cyril. "And what must you think of me when you see me hesitating? But, Jack—no, I'm not going to thank you! Sit still—but, Jack, if you knew all!"

Jack Wesley stretched for his pipe and lit it.

"Go on," he said resignedly. "It was Disraeli who said that 'adventures were to the adventurous,' and I never knew a man more adventurous than yourself. What have you been doing now?"

"Jack," said Cyril, coloring a little, but speaking almost gravely, "I have seen her."

"Allow me to remark, my dear Cyril, that 'her' is rather indefinite! You are alluding to the young lady whom you saw going in at the park gates at Santleigh, and whose voice you mistook for mine on the terrace that night. George! it's a mercy we weren't shot. I expect I shall find myself landed some day with six month's hard labor as a penalty for being in bad company, yours to wit. But the young lady. You've seen her, you say? I suppose you have hung about the ducal—was the swell a duke or an earl? Oh, I remember, an earl: Lord Arrowdale—I suppose you have lain in wait for the lady, or do you serenade her in the troubadour fashion? You would make a capital troubador, Cyril. I often think that the stage has lost an ornament in you; yours is just the figure for the typical melodramatic lover, and your voice—but I beg your pardon, you are dying to tell me all about the latest goddess. How many times have you been in love, Cyril?"

Cyril knew that a deep interest underlay all this banter, and bore it good-humoredly.

"Yes, you are right, Jack," he said; "I am in love. I told you so the night you left Santleigh, and I spoke the honest truth."

He got up and resumed his pacing, and Jack Wesley threw him the tobacco pouch.

"Have the goodness to smoke," he said, "then you'll sit down perhaps. I don't wish to appear inhospitable, but I should like to remark that my carpets won't stand much of that promenading."

Cyril lit his pipe and threw himself into a chair.

"Jack, you may laugh at me," he said. "I fought hard against it after you left, but it was no use. I went into the woods next day to work—honestly—but I thought of her all the time, and lo and behold she came."

"Mesmeric influence," muttered Jack Wesley cynically.

"Before she appeared, a fellow, a Mr. Berton, had ridden up and warned me off, none too pleasantly, for trespassing, and we were in the middle of a row. I think he wanted to strike me badly; he's got a bad temper, poor man! She appeared on——"

"Like an angel with a harp and an olive branch, typical of the peacemaker? Go on; I'll use it for my next story."

"The man went and—and I got her—Heaven knows how!—to stop. I—I put the dog she had with her into the sketch, and—we talked."

"The dog and you?"

"Jack, it is impossible to describe her."

"Good Heavens, my dear fellow, don't attempt it!" ejaculated Jack with much alarm.

"She is the most beautiful girl I ever saw; there is nothing in the Gallery that would do her justice. But if she were as plain as——"

"As a Dutch woman," put in Jack sarcastically.

"I should love her as dearly. If you only knew her! But you will some day, soon I hope, and you will love her for her own sake and mine too."

"Well, go on."

"I—I might never have had another chance of seeing her, but luck was on my side. She was coming from a visit late at night, and an accident happened——"

"And you were there and saved her," put in Jack, with a forced smile of amusement covering his interest. "Admirable! Quite a scene in a melodrama. Were you much hurt? I noticed that you carried your arm rather stiffly. It isn't a cork one, is it?"

"I walked home with her to the Court," went on Cyril, taking no notice of Jack's running commentary, "and—and—yes, I told her that I loved her!"

Jack Wesley stared at him.

"Yes, most certainly the stage has lost a great deal," he muttered. "You told her?"

"Yes," said Cyril, his face flushed, his eyes glowing, and he seemed scarcely conscious of Jack's presence. "We met in the glade next day, and I——"

He got up and laid both hands on Jack's shoulders and looked down at him earnestly.

"Jack she loves me! She has promised to be my wife!"

Jack Wesley's face grew grave.

"Isn't this rather serious, my dear fellow?" he said quietly.

"It is serious; it is the most serious thing that has ever happened to me," replied Cyril. It has changed my whole life! Ah, if I could only get you to understand how happy I am!"

"Perhaps I do understand. And now, may I ask who the young lady is? The governess at the Court, or who?"

Cyril stared at him.

"Do you mean to say you don't know?" he demanded.

"How should I? Remember that I left the night of your first fit of madness and know nothing. It is the governess, or some young girl visiting at the Court?"

"It is the earl's daughter, Lady Norah Arrowdale," said Cyril.

Jack Wesley took his pipe out of his mouth and looked at Cyril gravely.

"Lord Arrowdale's daughter?" he said slowly. "And—and may I ask, without being impertinently curious, what the Right Honorable the Earl of Arrowdale says to this pretty romance?"

Cyril's face grew as grave as his friend's.

"Well," he said, "he has said nothing at present; he does not know of our engagement."

Jack Wesley's face flushed, and he looked hard at the ground.

"You have not told him—been to him?" he said strangely.

"No," said Cyril. "Let me tell you all, Jack. I think—I am sure that Norah is rather afraid of her father. She knows so little of him, you see. Why, she had not seen him until that night I saw her drive through the gates. There is a story concerning their separation which is too long to tell now. But she is almost a stranger to him, and we—well, we both shrank from telling him until I had made a success. Then I could go to him with greater courage. I should still just be an artist, but there is a difference between the unknown painter and the successful one. Art is noble in all its forms and grades, but——"

"I understand," said Jack Wesley, and his voice sounded strangely cold. "And yet you decline Lord Newall's offer; you will not go to Brittany?"

Cyril looked at him. He had never heard his friend address him in this tone before.

"No, I don't decline, I accept. But if you ever loved as I love, Jack, you would understand what a couple of months separation from the woman you loved means," and his handsome face flushed. "Of course I will accept, and with gratitude to you and to him. As you say, it means both money and fame. Why, it is just that for what I was waiting! I will go to Brittany, and then with my position assured I can go to the earl and ask him to give me my darling."

Jack Wesley was silent.

"Aren't you going to give me one word of congratulation, Jack?" ask Cyril in a low voice.

"I congratulate you," said Jack Wesley, coldly.

Cyril drew his chair nearer and looked into Jack's downcast face.

"What is it, Jack? You are angry with me about something. What is it?"

"Don't ask me," and Jack Wesley got up and, turning to his table, began to pull the papers about.

"But I insist," said Cyril earnestly. "Jack, you and I have never spoken a cross word to each other yet; there has never been a breath of coldness between us until now. What is it?"

"Don't insist," asked Jack, with a pained look. "Let us talk of something else."

"But I do insist. I could not rest until I knew what I had done, said——"

"Well, if you will have it," said Jack, as driven at bay, "I think you have acted—well, not as I should have expected you to act, Cyril."

"I? What have I done?" demanded Cyril.

Jack Wesley flung his pipe violently on the table.

"In plain words, Cyril, you have allowed yourself to drift into a course unworthy of you. You have permitted your feeling to sweep away those barriers which every honorable man should place between him and an unworthy need. Tell me—don't speak yet—but just tell me what you would have said to me if I, the struggling unknown writer, had won the love of a girl so far above me as a peer's daughter would be, and had, having won that love, induced her to plight her troth to me, her father being kept in ignorance?"

Cyril's face flushed, then turned pale.

"She is, as you say, quite unsophisticated, knows little or nothing of the world. Loves you? Of course she does. I can understand that; there is nothing marvellous in it. But that very love of hers should have made you careful of her. Do you think her father the earl will not say that you have taken advantage of her ignorance of the world—his world? Do you think he will not point out to you—cast it into your teeth—that she is what she is, and that you are only a poor devil of a painter?"

With tightly compressed lips and face pale and troubled Cyril looked down at him.

"Jack," he said in a low voice, "your heart is pure gold. I might have known what you would have thought, have guessed what you have had the honesty and the candor to say. But,"—he drew a long breath—"thank God, I can say, 'Jack, you have wronged me.'"

Jack Wesley glanced at the handsome face and shook his head.

"How have I wronged you?" he said. "I am judging you by your own confession. I don't say that he could help loving this peer's daughter; I daresay not. I say that I think it only natural she should have given you her heart; but—why, lad," and his face was full of grief, "if anyone had told me that you—you—had acted so I would have given him the lie."

Cyril took two or three turns up and down the room. His face was strangely troubled, but here was no trace of shame or remorse in it.

"You are very hard on me Jack," he said in a low voice.

"Am I? Put it down to my regard for you," responded Jack Wesley. "You are the only man in all the world I care to call 'friend' and that being so I am as careful of your honor as I am of my own. Confound the women! They blind even such a man as you to a sense of right and wrong. Can't you see it, can't you see it?" he demanded, with outstretched hands. "Put yourself in the place of this old man; think what you would say if you learned that a man had been enjoying stolen interviews with your daughter, and that he had induced her to plight her troth to him, and then—mark this well—when the young man chose he came to you and told you—an earl—that he was only a poor devil of a painter?"

"Well?" said Cyril, biting his lip and looking, not at his friend's noble, earnest face, but at the opposite wall, with a strange look of doubt and indecision.

"Well," echoed Jack, "what do you think you would say? Why, just what this lord will say. He will tell you that you have no right to engage yourself to his daughter, to a lady who is, so far as social position is concerned, infinitely above you. Why, man, these people look upon us as of different flesh and blood—or rather, they are flesh and blood, and we are—just mud!"

An expression of pain swept over Cyril's handsome face.

"Don't, Jack," he said in a low voice. "It makes it all the harder for me.

Jack Wesley did not understand, but pressed on with suppressed earnestness.

"You should know what I say is true. Not only the earl, but all the world will say it. And she——"

Cyril started.

"She—the Lady Norah—will come in time to think that she has thrown herself away."

Cyril strode across the room and forced Jack into a chair, and, standing looking down at him with a pale face, said—

"Jack, I can't bear it any longer; you are right! If I had acted as you say I could have been a mean hound. As it is now, you make me feel as if I should have gone to him at once and told him all. But, Jack—now don't be hard upon me—it is true I am only a poor painter, but I am what the idiotic world chooses to consider something better, confound it! My name is not Cyril Burne——"

Jack looked up at him with a steady gaze and set lips.

"I am the earl's nephew, Viscount Santleigh!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

JACK WESLEY gave a slight start, then he looked at Cyril almost angrily.

"This is rather a surprise, my lord," he said coldly.

"'My lord!' Oh, come now, Jack," remonstrated Cyril, flushing and eyeing his friend anxiously but affectionately; "you're not going to cut up rough, are you?"

"I don't know about cutting up rough, my lord," said Jack, with emphasis on the title; "but if I am to speak my mind to your lordship, I should say that you have played it pretty low down on me."

Cyril hung his head, and after a moment Jack Wesley continued:

"I don't demand an explanation, but perhaps you won't mind telling me why you considered it necessary to carry on this masquerade? Why did you pass yourself off as a common person like myself——"

"Now, Jack!" implored Cyril.

"Why did you allow me to believe that you were just a hard-up artist, and permit me to make a friend of you? I'm not proud——"

"Oh, are you not? Oh, no," muttered Cyril.

"But I'm not over fond of lords at the best of times, and I—well, I repeat it: you have played it considerably low down upon me," and his face flushed angrily. "Now I'm on the candid line I may as well continue and speak my whole mind, and at the risk of offending your lordship I beg to state that I think that for an out-at-elbows artist to pass himself off for a lord is not much meaner than for a lord to pass himself off as a struggling artist. But I hope you have found it amusing," and he nodded almost savagely.

"Look here," said Cyril desperately, "what's the use of getting furious like this, Jack? I am a struggling artist, though I am Viscount Santleigh."

"Indeed!" commented Jack caustically, as he deliberately knocked the ashes out of his pipe.

"Yes. Listen to me, Jack. I—I didn't mean to tell you; you forced it out of me."

"It's rather a pity that I didn't force it out of you earlier," remarked Jack Wesley grimly.

"Well, perhaps it is. But I'm not such a bad lot in the way of deception as you make me," retorted Cyril. "Jack," and he let his hand fall upon his friend's shoulder in the old familiar way, "you have not gone through what I have; you'd understand——"

"Perhaps not," growled Jack; "I certainly don't understand."

"Let me make it plain for you——"

"It's plain enough, not to say ugly, as it is."

"My father," went on Cyril, paying no attention to the ill-humored interruption, and still looking earnestly at Jack, "my father died while I was at Oxford. I was twenty two then, and I started life a viscount, the nephew of an earl, with my mother's money and no end of good spirits. I thought life was going to be all beer and skittles, and so it was—for a time. I didn't know anything about the world. I didn't know anything about money, and I went the old road like the young fool I was, without thinking of anything but the pleasure of the moment. That was for a time, and not a very long time either. Before I had got through my money—yes, Jack, even before that—I saw through the hollowness of the game. I saw that the people round me were pleasant and smooth just because I was Viscount Santleigh, and heir to the title and estates. I was young and green, but verdant as I was I soon discovered that it was for the good things of the world that were to fall to my share that people made up to me. I didn't suspect it at first. I thought that it was because I was rather a pleasant kind of a fellow that the women with daughters—yes, and the girls themselves—were so amiable and friendly. But I got my eyes open at last, and I—well, I don't like it."

"That's strange!" remarked Jack caustically.

"I got suspicious," resumed Cyril, taking no notice, "suspicious of everybody I met. When a pretty girl was more than usually pleasant and amiable, I said to myself, 'It's not yourself she cares about, it's the Santleigh coronet she is making for,' and the thought was just torture. I had an idea that I'd cut the whole thing, and go off and bury myself in America, Australia, anywhere out of the beastly world where every poor girl is taught to fish for a man because he happens to be able to make a countess and a rich woman of her. While I was thinking of this, and seriously meaning it, the crash came. Give me some more 'baccy, Jack."

Jack threw him the pouch without a word.

"I'd been going the pace ever since I came into my mother's money, and I had spent every penny of it. Worse, I had borrowed; and the nice little bits of paper were coming in like pigeons to roost. Then I woke up thoroughly, and I swore that I wouldn't be a mere tailor's dummy clothed in a title any longer. I swore I would cut the old life, the sporting clubs, and the rest of it, and—and—well, I made up my to try and prove myself a man."

Jack puffed at his pipe, leaning his head upon his hand, but looking almost as grim and surly as before.

"I'd got a knack of drawing and painting," went on Cyril, "and I thought that I had try and earn my living at that. If that failed I determined I'd try something else, I didn't care what. I'd drive a cab—I could do that—or become a tram car conductor, or keep a bookstall at a railway station, or enter the police force, or enlist in the guards—anything—anything in the world rather than go back to the old useless life, of which I was utterly sick and tired and ashamed."

He paused, and Jack Wesley glanced at him a little less savagely.

"I had a hard time of it, Jack. I never knew the value of the coin until I'd lost it, I hadn't any idea how beastly it was to live in a wretched little attic in an out-of-the-way street until I tried it: and the worst of it was that it looked as if I shouldn't be able to live even in an attic if I depended upon my artistic skill. The picture dealers wouldn't look at me—and quite right, for I couldn't paint then worth a cent—and I was walking up and down Waterloo Bridge trying to make up my mind as to which of the pleasing occupations I have mentioned I should turn my hand to when—you found me!"

His voice dropped a little, and he looked at the grim face affectionately and gratefully.

"It was a friend I wanted, a man who knew the seamy side of life, and could give me a helping hand, and you did it. It was you, Jack, who encouraged me to work on: it was you who persuaded the dealers that there was money in my daubs; it was you who, standing by like the friend we read of in ancient history but very seldom see, have kept me going and pushed me up to where I am."

Jack Wesley shuffled his feet.

"Yes! Under the impression that I was dealing with a square man, not a fellow who would turn round on me with his viscountship!" he growled.

"You think I ought to have told you. Well, I tried once or twice. I tried down at Santleigh at the Chequers. But I was right to keep my secret, for you would have thrown me overboard, as you'd like to do now, I daresay."

"I should," assented Jack promptly.

"But you're not going to," retorted Cyril. "But I haven't done yet. We went down to Santleigh. I had an idea I'd like to see the old place that would be mine some day, if I cared to claim it——"

Jack stared at him.

"Yes; I'm not certain I should ever have claimed it. I have been happy as Cyril Burne, a far happier than I was as Viscount Santleigh," declared Cyril, "and I'd made up my mind that I'd keep as I am. The earl—my uncle—had offered to buy me out. He wanted to cut off the entail, and have the place and the money to do as he liked with, to leave it to whom he pleased. But somehow I rather kicked at this, and I refused. I meant to live on what I earned. I was proud of every penny I got. Proud of it! That was the only reason. But I'm glad for another that I didn't sell my birthright. Santleigh will be hers someday, Jack; not for years, I hope, but someday it will be hers, and I'm glad I have not sold my inheritance. Not that I care about it for myself. No! I'd rather be known as Cyril Burne the painter than the Earl of Arrowdale with a rent roll a yard long and a seat in the House of Lords."

With his handsome face flushed and his eyes glowing he began to pace the room.

"Any fool can be an earl, Jack," he went on, "but it isn't everybody who can write a good book or even paint a decent picture. Them's my sentiments, and though I'm sorry I deceived you, I don't think you'll be hard upon me."

He stopped opposite his friend and held out his hand, looking down upon him with the frank smile that was full of a grateful tenderness.

Jack grunted, but he took the hand.

"Well, I suppose it's more your misfortune than your fault, your being a viscount," he said; and I'll say I'll try to forgive you and get used to it; but the artist game's played out now, I imagine. You'll go down to the Earl What's-his-name, and, striking an attitude, exclaim, 'Behold your nephew the viscount! I come to claim my cousin for my bride!'"

Cyril's face softened, and a rapt look came into his eyes, the look of a man when he hears the word "bride" and calls up the vision of his beloved; but he shook his head.

"No, Jack, not that. I didn't tell you that until the other day I had never seen the earl."

"No!"

"No. My father—his brother—and he quarrelled years ago. I don't think it was my father's fault, because the earl somehow has managed to quarrel with all his relatives. Why his own wife——"

He stopped.

"You should see him, Jack. He's like a Lord Chesterfield made out of steel, and beautifully burnished."

He drew himself up and fingered an imaginary eyeglass, and looked so like the earl that Jack, thought he had not seen his lordship, smiled.

"How such a sweet, beautiful, angelic creature as Norah can be his daughter ——"

Jack smiled again.

"But she must take after her mother, poor woman. Jack, her father kept her father kept her from him until the other day. Isn't he an amiable, tender-hearted party?"

There was silence for a moment, then Jack Wesley asked:

"And what do *you* mean to do, my lord?"

"Punch your head if you call me 'my lord' again, for one thing," said Cyril promptly; then his face grew grave. "I mean to follow out my plan, Jack. I wooed my darling as plain Cyril Burne the artist, and I mean to win her as such."

"That's rot!" remarked Jack quietly.

"No," said Cyril firmly. "If I went down and declared myself and asked for Norah"—what music he made of the name!—"my amiable uncle would show me the door with his most elegant smile, and shut my darling in her room. I know him! There is no love lost between us, and he'd take delight in kicking me out. No! I'll stick to my work, Jack. I'll paint this picture for Lord Newall, and if it makes a hit I'll present myself at Santleigh as Cyril Burne, and ——"

"Get kicked a little harder," finished Jack cynically, "and then——"

Cyril's face flushed.

"Why, then I will say to my darling, Norah, will you still forget the difference between us, and leave all this for a little cottage ——"

"And cold shoulder of mutton. And she will say——"

"Yes!" exclaimed Cyril, his eyes glowing brightly with his trust and faith in the girl he loved.

Jack Wesley tilted his chair on its hind legs and smiled.

"It's pretty, very," he said cynically. "It sounds like a popular poem, or the scene from a play; but, mark my words, young 'un, you will come to grief. Something or somebody will put a spoke in your wheel, and while you are footing around, playing at being an artist and talking of your cottage by the stream, you will lose your beautiful Lady Norah."

Cyril laughed—actually laughed.

"Lose her!" he said; ah, Jack, you don't know her. Wait until you've seen her, talked to her, listened to her, watched the smile on her face, the light in her dear eyes! You'll realize then how firm and true, how staunch she is, my angel!"

Jack Wesley shrugged his shoulders.

"Lord preserve me from this madness they call love!" he muttered. "But I've said my say. The words of wisdom have been uttered, and, as usual, have been scoffed at. So, young man, you must go your own Colney Hatch way. Though" —he paused, and a kindly light shone in his earnest eyes—"I'm idiot enough to feel a little proud of you——"

"Jack!"

"Yes, I'm proud of you. I thought when you sprang your viscountship upon me that there was an end of work for you, an end of an honest, self-respecting career. Yes, Cyril; though you are a fool for not taking my advice. I think the better of you for declining it; and to prove it, I'll agree to forget that you are a lord, and treat you as if you were a respectable man."

Cyril laughed and shook him to and fro.

"Good old Jack!" he exclaimed, I'd no idea you disliked a lord so much."

"Oh, I like 'em well enough—at a distance," said Jack Wesley grimly. "But now to business. If you mean all you say, the sooner you see Lord Newall's man and arrange about this picture the better."

"Yes," assented Cyril promptly. I'll look him up at once, and then—and then I'll start for Brittany. But I must run down to Santleigh first, old man; I've got to get my traps and—and," he blushed ingeniously,

Jack Wesley laughed.

"Oh, I understand, and to say 'goodbye.'"

"Oh, and I've promised to go to a flare up at a great friend of Nora's," said Cyril, remembering Lady Ferndale's invitation for Wednesday week.

"All right," said Jack, "off with you now then. I've wasted quite enough time upon you this morning."

Cyril laughingly made for the door, when a knock came, and Jack, already bending over his papers, called out "Come in."

Cyril stepped aside, the door opened, and a man entered. Cyril had never seen him before, and he looked at him with some curiosity. He was an elderly man with a weatherbeaten face and iron grey hair, thick-set and muscular; and his figure and the old and patched pea-jacket he wore gave him the appearance of a sea captain down on his luck, or a bargee, or perhaps a discharged coastguardsman.

Cyril—artist like—thought that he would make a capital model for a figure in a "ship piece," when the man, glancing at him from under a pair of shaggy brows, stopped short.

"Beg pardon," he said in a rough voice. "Didn't know you weren't alone."

"All right, Furlong," said Jack. "A friend of mine, Mr. Cyril Burne. Wait a moment, Cyril, before you go," he added.

Cyril walked to the window and looked out at the quiet thoroughfare, and the elderly man in the pea-jacket took a roll of paper from his pocket and laid it on the table.

Jack opened it and looked it over.

"All right, Furlong," he said with a nod, and he took out some silver coins and handed them to the man, who took them and gruffly growled his thanks.

"Any more?" he asked.

"Yes," said Jack, and he took some papers from his desk and gave them to him. "Get them done as soon as you can. Can you let me have them back to-morrow?"

Furlong examined the papers.

"The day after," he said shortly.

Jack nodded

"Very well, the day after, you. Did find anything very wrong in the last lot?"

"No. There are no leopards in that part of the world."

Cyril stared, and Jack laughed.

"Oh, I don't know. I'll be more careful in my zoology another time."

"You can't know everything," remarked the man curtly.

"I beg your pardon, Furlong," retorted Jack gravely, "an author does know everything. He's bound to; once he admits he doesn't, he can throw up the sponge."

The man smiled, glanced round the room and at Cyril, and with a nod walked out.

"Who on earth was that, Jack?" asked Cyril.

"An old fellow I picked up the other day," replied Jack Wesley. "He says his name is Furlong, and that he has been a mate on board a trading ship, a planter's foreman in Ceylon, a fur trader in Hudson's Bay Territory, and several other things of a like or unlike character; I found him sitting on the doorstep the other night, and as he seemed hard up I hunted out some work for him. Poor beggar, he was regularly stranded; but," with a cynical smile, "he will probably turn out a duke in disguise."

Cyril laughed.

"That's one for me, old man, I suppose. Poor old chap. But what does he do for you? What were those papers he brought in?"

"Well, it's strange—that is, if anything is strange in this rummiest of all rummy worlds—but Furlong, rough as he looks, appears to have been decently educated. Anyhow he writes a good enough hand for copying, and so I give him my awful scrawl to turn into legible calligraphy."

"But what was that about leopards?" said Cyril with an amused smile.

Jack Wesley laughed.

"Oh, I make mistakes sometimes; put animals and flowers and all sorts of things in countries where they don't live or grow; and Furlong, who seems to have been in every quarter of the globe, spots the mistakes and sets me right."

"Well, of all the curious experiences!" exclaimed Cyril. "Who, would guess that that rough-looking codger could set the great and learned Mr. John Wesley right in anything."

"Yes, curious, isn't it?" assented Jack, "but appearances are deceitful. Who, for instance, would suppose that Mr. Cyril Burne was——"

"Now, Jack, shut up! I say, your friend has a remarkably striking exterior. Do you think he'd mind sitting to me as a model?"

"I should say he wouldn't have the slightest objection," said Jack, "to earning money in that or any way, honest or dishonest. Oh, yes, he'd sit for a model well. You might call him 'The Returned Convict.'"

"What," said Cyril, "do you think——"

"No, no," said Jack quickly. "I do not know anything about him, and have no reason to suppose that he was ever in Botany Bay. As I say, he will probably turn out to be a duke instead of a ticket of-leave man."

"The old fellow has a furtive way of looking about him," said Cyril, upon whom Mr. Furlong seemed to have made an impression.

"I daresay. So would you have if you had gone through half what he says he has," remarked Jack. "But about Newall. You won't leave London until you have seen him and settled something definite? He is a slippery customer, and is worth sticking to."

"All right," assented Cyril, "I mean business, Jack, and will stick to his lordship like wax."

Jack grinned.

"How surprised he would look if you sent in your card—your proper one, I mean!" he said.

Cyril laughed and then frowned.

"That is a secret which I have only shared with you, Jack," he said rather gravely.

"Confound you, yes, and I wish you'd kept it to yourself," growled Jack. "There, be off now. What with you and that old ruffian, my morning's nearly gone.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LOVE-LIGHT.

BY NORAH USHER.

A quaint old-fashioned garden,
A daisy-covered lawn,
Bespangled o'er with dew-drops
That glittered in the morn;
'Twas merry May, so fair and gay,
And Love then kept high holiday.

The sunbeams and the song-birds,
The flow'rs, the fields, the dew—
Each wore a tender beauty,
A charm both sweet and new,
That morn in May had long passed away
But Love still lingers ev'ry day.

The young folk bright and cheery
Upon that happy morn—
Two old folk worn and weary
Await a brighter dawn,
Fast fade the day, the night is gray,
But Love still lights the dreary way.

Superstition.

BY J. WINTER.

I MUST TELL you they had not been married very long. He Tom North, the husband, was a jolly young Yorkshire farmer, farming his father's land near the quaint little old-world village of Grumblethrope; a fine fellow was Tom, big and strong and broad of shoulder, a first-rate farmer, a good shot and a hard rider to hounds, one whose hunters were eagerly sought after by the horse-proud Yorkshire for many and many a mile around.

The previous Autumn Tom North had married one of the prettiest girls of the district, little Alice Wetherby.

Tom declared, and of course he was in a position to know, that she was not only the prettiest but the sweetest and cleverest. She was well educated, played and sang and knew as much French as is generally picked up at provincial schools, could equally well make a bonnet or a pretty frothy affair of lace and ribbon to adorn the backs of her pretty drawing-room chairs and make all her older-fashioned neighbors predict that Tom would find himself in Queer Street before many years of that sort of thing had gone over his head.

However beside these accomplishments Mrs. Tom possessed some very useful knowledge. She was a thoroughly good good manager of all household matters, prided herself on her jams and her pickles, her hams and her ketchup, thought that a woman who could not put on a big apron and turn out a dinner fit for a king had no business to be a wife at all, and as for her pastry—well, that melted in the mouth of those who were lucky enough to have a chance of putting it there, is to express very poorly the super-excellence of its quality.

And now my readers may fairly ask, were there no disadvantages to set on the other side of Mrs. Tom's character.

Well let me see. Yes, she had one great trouble, or may hardly a trouble, but there was one trait in her character which rather took off from its general attractiveness. She was decidedly superstitious.

I have I confess great sympathy with her for I am superstitious myself, but little Mrs. Tom went further than I ever feel inclined to do in that direction. She really carried it to what might be called excess.

She would not tell a dream before noon nor cut her nails on a Friday. If she cut washed her face over her ears, she carried her umbrella even if the sun was blazing in the heavens and not a cloud was in the sky to mar the brightness of its glory.

If by chance she put on a garment wrong side-out, wrong-side-out did it remain until she took it off again in the ordinary course of events.

And as for sitting down thirteen for dinner, well, that Mrs. Tom never did, so I cannot say what she expected might happen.

But these avoidable kind of things were not the worst. Mrs. Tom now and again was in the habit of getting forebodings of coming misfortune, as she put it "a feeling that something was going to happen"—in fact, she was blessed or perhaps one might more reasonably say cursed with a sort of second sight.

Well, the hand of time had slipped pleasantly along the dial of the year, since the day when Alice Wetherby became Mrs. Tom North, and pointed hard on the figure of One, for December had almost run its course and Christmas was near at hand and of course great were the preparations at the old grange for the young wife's first Christmas in her own home.

On the day itself the young couple were pledged to dine with Tom's father and mother who lived several miles away, or rather more than that for they were to drive over on Christmas Eve and stay two nights returning to the Grange early in the morning of the following Christmas day.

That day they were to keep as their own domestic festival and dine together by themselves—three days afterwards all their friends and relations were coming to a party and for New Year they were going home to the bride's parents for a couple of days.

In the midst of so much gaiety and roystering it is easy to understand that they looked forward with no little joy to one quiet day spent by themselves.

"Only"—said little Mrs. Tom, with a portentous sigh to her husband—"I am so afraid something is going to happen."

Now both from her mother and his had come great Christmas hampers full of good cheer to help the little wife to provide her supper for her first party.

Each good wife had sent the different and tasty eatables for which she was especially famous and had added a good many other things besides.

"And I think," said Mrs. Tom to her lord—"that we had better have this goose cooked for our dinner and then it will be eaten up the same day. You see Tom I want to keep the turkey and the game for the supper on Thursday—so we had better have the goose for our own Christmas dinner."

"All right my pet," said Tom.

Tom was a hearty soul who did not care much one way or the other what he ate so long as it was good of its kind and properly cooked.

They were standing in the cool, airy, well-filled larder, having just unpacked the second hamper.

"It really is a goose," said Mrs. Tom with a proud sigh of satisfaction as she weighed it in her hand. "I really think, Tom, it's the biggest, fattest, heaviest goose that I ever saw. You try."

"Fifteen pounds," said Tom judicially.

"Oh! it's a great deal more than fifteen pounds, Tom," Alice cried.

"I doubt it, little woman," Tom answered—"but that's no matter."

"I shall stuff it on Christmas Eve and make it ready for putting down to the fire," she said as she moved towards the door.

"But why not let Jane do it. She cooks game and fowls uncommonly well," Tom suggested—he did not see the sense of keeping a cook and not let her do the cooking.

"Tom," she said solemnly, "I never have that sort of feeling for nothing and I feel that something will happen to our first Christmas dinner. I know the feeling is a sort of warning to me and I am not going to disregard it. No, if I do it myself I shall be quite easy in my mind, for I shall be sure that it is properly done. By the bye, do you like a pudding under it?"

"Yes—its pretty nearly the best part of the whole business. Goose is sometimes a bit tough but the pudding never is."

After this Tom went his way, and his way happened to take him that day into the company of some half dozen young fellows who had been his chosen friends before he fell in love with Alice Wetherby; and if the truth be told they had not thanked the little woman for taking Tom North, one of the best fellows out, away from them.

"'Pon my soul," said one to another after Tom had gone home again, "Tom North has gone fairly addled over that little wife of his. One doesn't mind that kind of thing when a fellow first gets married because he generally gets better of it after the first month or two. But poor old Tom gets worse instead of better. He won't have to go very much farther to be a real prize specimen idiot."

"Tom has gone off, it's true," answered another. "They say every crow thinks its own squab the blackest. So with poor old Tom."

"Who wants to know his wife's perfections," cried a third. "Why positively he was maundering about his Christmas dinner just now. Going to have a goose—going over to the Manor for Christmas Day, coming home in the morning—wife's going to stuff the blessed goose herself on Christmas Eve and baste it herself on the day they come back. Sickening, I call it."

"Might have asked us to have a cut at his goose since he thinks such a lot of it," said the first speaker.

"Ah!" exclaimed the second, "marriage has been the ruin of poor old Tom—he'll never be any good again. 'Pon my word it's pitiable to hear him maundering on how his wife is going to let the servants go home for Christmas Day and the hind's wife is coming up to look after the fowls and all the rest—wonder he didn't contrive to take the pigs and the poultry for a holiday too."

"By Jove," cried the first man excitedly. "Let us try and get in and cook the old goose. If we can get into the larder tomorrow night and clear out the sage and onions and fill it full of raw potatoes——" and then amid much laughter the three lads—they were nothing more—put their heads together and laid their plot.

* * * * * * *

"I do declare," said little Mrs. Tom when they had returned home, "that blessed bird looks bigger every time I set eyes on it. And the weight of it—Tom do just feel it. I'm sure it is heavier than it was. I believe——" in an awed tone—"that it's grown."

"Tom burst out laughing. "Why, what a silly little woman you are. How could it have grown?"

The question was so full of good sense that Alice North could not gainsay it. So in due time the goose was put down before a clear bright fire.

An hour went by! Mrs. North watched it anxiously and basted it with the air of one who loved it!

But it was an unsympathetic goose and did not condescend to make any return in the form of a rich and savory aroma—in plain English, it didn't smell as it ought to do.

Mrs. Tom put it a shade nearer to the fire and basted it again and half an hour by. But it was very strange—still the sage and onions did not make themselves evident. Mrs. Tom wondered if she had got a cold.

"Mary," she said to the cook—who, mind you, was none too well pleased that the mistress did not think her capable of cooking a goose—"Mary, does the goose seem to smell right?"

"Can't smell aught but grease 'in," answered Mary with dignity.

It was very strange—slowly the goose spun round—the pudding in the pan below boiled and bubbled in its fat, but there was no rich, overpowering scent of onions mingling with sage and the aroma of the goose. No, it was all goose!

However, in time the dinner was dished up and served, and the anxious little wife took her seat opposite to her stalwart young lord and master, who helped her as the Yorkshire way is, to pudding and rich steaming brown gravy.

"Don't taste the onion much," he said a minute later.

"I put plenty in, Tom," said she meekly.

Poor little soul, she knew that the richness and brownness of the gravy had been produced by artificial means, that the gravy was in short a complete fraud.

However her sinking heart was a little relieved as she saw the quantity of pudding which Tom put out of sight before he plunged his knife into the smoking breast of the bird itself.

"I shall eat more stuffing than goose, I fancy," he said cheerfully.

Then there was a moment's silence.

"Why, Alice," he exclaimed, "you've stuffed it with potatoes."

"Potatoes—what nonsense, Tom," she answered with dignity. "I stuffed it with sage and onions, of course."

"Potatoes," he asserted, "Po-ta-toes!"

"Indeed, I didn't," cried Mrs. Tom indignantly. "Try the other side."

And so Tom did—but found only potatoes.

Little Mrs. Tom's eyes began to flash and her pretty face to flush. Tom's good-tempered mouth widened into a laugh.

"Dear little woman," he laughed—"you were so anxious and sure something was going to happen to the blessed old goose that you've gone and used potatoes instead of onions."

"I did not, Tom! If I had left it to Mary, she might have made a mistake; but I did it all myself."

"You must have been dreaming," he persisted.

"No, I was not dreaming," she cried indignantly. "I peeled the onions and boiled them," more indignantly—"and then I chopped them," more indignantly still—"and mixed the sage all myself," more indignantly of all, "with my own hands," and here a sob rose in her throat—"and—and—there was half a pound of butter in it and—and——"

But then the wild sobs began to break forth and Tom was only just in time to catch her in his arms before her pretty eyes were dimmed and she burst into a passionate torrent of tears.

"You'll throw it at me for ever, Tom," she sobbed. "I knew that something had gone wrong with that goose—I knew it—and our first Christmas dinner too! And we've been so happy, so happy—and never say a word to me against superstition again."

But to do Tom justice, the little woman never heard a word about the goose that was stuffed with potatoes from him again. And yet the following day the story got afloat and was all over the village of Grumblethorpe and many a bad five minutes did poor little Mrs. Tom have over it, until at last finding that it weighed on her spirits, Tom determined to put a stop to it once for all.

"If any man wants to mention that d——d goose to my wife," he said one day when had seen the tears in Alice's eyes, "let him mention it to me first. And if any lady wants to throw it at her, I'll just take her husband or her sweetheart outside and thrash him till he doesn't know potatoes from sage and onions. I see no fun in having a joke all on one side."

And after that somehow the good people of Grumblethrope decided to cook their own geese and trouble themselves less about the one which was cooked in mystery.

"But," says Mrs. Tom, solemnly to her lord when he laughs at her superstitious fears; "but never say a word to me about superstition, Tom. Remember that goose."

The Work of Destiny.

BY ALICE CORKRAN.

MISS FITSON prided herself upon being an embodied Destiny, ruling the fate of her friends and neighbors. She flattered herself that few couples in Beecham would have come together, but for her intervention.

She was in a peculiarly alert frame of mind, for she had a matrimonial project on hand.

Miss Edith Sedgeway was nineteen, she lived with her widowed father at the Manor House; her heart was concentrated upon her little brother Johnnie, whose advent into this world had caused the departure from it of his mother.

"I shall marry Hugh to Edith Sedgeway," said the spinster, giving an energetic poke at the fire.

Hugh Phillips was Miss Fitson's nephew. They had quarrelled ten years ago, when the young man refused to enter the army, and had adopted painting as a profession.

The quarrel had never been made up, but twice a year Miss Fitson wrote to her nephew, on his birthday and at New Year.

In these letters the elderly lady wished her nephew the compliments of the season and passed in review all his faults.

Hugh Phillips had succeeded as a portrait painter; he had acquired a certain reputation, and was considered on the high road to fortune.

The determination to bring about her nephew's marriage warmed the spinster's heart towards him.

"He is thirty-three next birthday—he has brains and a palette—Edith will have a fortune. She is picturesque-looking. Hugh and Edith shall be man and wife, if my name is Sally Fitson."

Having come to this conclusion, Miss Fitson made her way next morning to the Manor House. She had planned her campaign in a few bold strokes.

Mr. Sedgeway was a collector of "first editions" and of etchings. Miss Fitson visited her host in his library, manifested the keenest interest in his Elzevirs, and went into ecstacies over his etchings. Mr. Sedgeway, who received little intelligent sympathy from the Beechamites, was delighted with his guest, and, pulling out volume after volume and etching after etching, showed her all his treasures.

Miss Fitson bore the strain heroically. The old gentleman, grateful as a collector alone can be grateful for sympathy, lent an attentive ear; when skilfully leading up the conversation to the family portraits, Miss Fitson proposed that Edith should be painted.

Mr. Sedgeway was at first mildly bewildered by the suggestion, but he was completely under the sway of this sympathetic visitor; and when Miss Fitson, after hinting at the delight her artist nephew would have in viewing this collection, with modest pride spoke of his success as a portrait painter, and drew out of her pocket some cuttings from newspapers of favorable criticisms of his work, Mr. Sedgeway was won over.

On leaving, Miss Fitson carried off, and deposited with her own hand into the post, a letter addressed to Mr. Hugh Phillips from Mr. Sedgeway, expressing a wish that the artist should paint his daughter.

A later post carried an invitation from Miss Fitson to her nephew to pay her a visit.

Edith did not receive with enthusiasm the announcement of the contemplated visit. She admitted that she would much prefer sitting for her photograph.

A slight cloud gathered over her brow when she heard that the painter was a close relation of Miss Fitson. She was a tall girl somewhat pale; her brown eyes shone under level brows, and repeated in a key of golden light the soft duskiness of her hair.

A suggestion of watchful self-restraint characterized her manner, and gave the impression that Miss Sedgeway was somewhat embarrassed by the force of her own temperament.

A few days after Mr. Phillips accepted Mr. Sedgeway's commission, Miss Fitson called upon Edith. There was an air of brilliant mystery in the old lady's appearance.

Her talk was enigmatic; she spoke of the portrait as a means of earning the blessings later on of two happy young people. Edith guessed the import of Miss Fitson's speech, and felt indignant.

When the visitor left she sought her father with flushed cheeks, and begged to be let off sitting for her portrait.

She "had never seen a portrait that she cared to look at twice, and oil portraits were the most insane of all," she replied pleadingly.

Mr. Sedgeway was greatly perplexed, but was inflexible. He would not break his contract for the sake of feminine nerves.

Nothing remained for his daughter but to treat the nephew of an insufferable aunt in her stateliest manner and chilliest demeanor.

One evening, shortly after, Edith was sitting on the floor with Johnnie in her lap; they were looking into the fire, and she was telling him stories of what was happening there.

Suddenly the door opened, an angular feminine figure entered the room unannounced followed by that of a tall man. Edith was conscious of a disagreeable thrill.

"It is he," she thought.

Before Edith could spring to her feet, Miss Fitson seized her by the chin, and, turning her face round, said, addressing her companion:

"Well, my painter, what do you think of that face?"

The suddenness of the action upset all Edith's schemes of a dignified attitude. She stood up, mortified and ashamed. She encountered a pair of dark eyes fixed upon her.

"All who knew Miss Fitson consider her privileged to say what no one else would say," Mr. Phillips remarked in a low tone, and turned his attention to Johnnie.

Some days elapsed, during which Edith sat every morning. There was a constraint in the girl's attitude, an expression of proud boredom, which baffled the painter's attempts to portray her.

The touch of defiant hauteur in her manner perplexed, amused, and fascinated him, but effectually raised a barrier between them.

Edith determined to speak as little as she could to the painter. A friend came to read aloud during the sitting. He noticed that she shrank when he touched her hand to alter its pose, or adjust the folds of her drapery.

She avoided, with a brusqueness which occasionally amounted to a degree of savagery, the opportunities that presented themselves of social intercourses. Once, when they met at a dance, as he approached, before he formulated a word, she said with breathless bluntness:

"My list is full. I have no dance to spare."

"It is doubly cruel," he replied, bowing, "to refuse a favor before it is asked. I was not going to ask for a dance, for I do not dance."

She turned away, a touch of discomfiture in her proud looks.

Mr. Phillips was constantly at the Manor House arranging Mr. Sedgeway's various works of art. The old gentleman found the painter's society as delightful as Miss Fitson had led him to anticipate. He was in reality lying in wait for opportunities to study his sitter.

Edith entered as seldom as possible when Mr. Phillips was there. She wished to escape the glance that followed her everywhere. It was not sympathetic, or admiring, it was cold and penetrating.

Once or twice as she talked to Johnnie she detected the painter making a covert sketch of her.

One day, he said abruptly:

"I must ask, as a favor, that during these last sittings there be no more reading aloud. Johnnie may be in the room, but no one else."

"Why?" she asked.

"I am not getting on satisfactorily with the portrait. As you sit, listening to the reading, I keep watching for a revealing glance of your own true self. It never comes."

"My own true self," she repeated with a stare.

"Don't you know that the portrait painter should be a diviner of souls?" he said, with bantering impressiveness.

She seemed to repress a movement of impatience.

"That may be too ambitious a title. I admit he is rather a sort of spiritual highwayman, calling on his sitters to stand and deliver up their secrets."

"If I thought that, I would not sit. Nothing would induce me," the girl said with sudden violence.

The next morning Johnnie replaced the girl-reader. He sat on the floor dabbling with a paint box, presented to him by Mr. Phillips. He had a cold and looked more delicate than usual.

Edith seemed to have shrunk more closely into herself. Mr. Phillips tried to draw her into talk, but her answers were very curt.

"Come, confess," he said, "that you do not think a portrait in oils can be compared to a photograph."

"A photograph says more to me," she replied bluntly; "but I think there is little in portraits anyway."

Mr. Phillips laughed ruefully.

"Your mother's portrait—are you not glad to have it?" he asked.

"It has no charms for me. It is not my mother's face as I love to remember it. It was my mother as she looked at a dinner-party, perhaps, but not as I knew her."

"You would not care to have Johnnie's portrait?" he said.

The limpid sweetness that he had always been watching for came into her regard; that moment he looked straight into her eyes, and seemed to read her through and through. A flush and then a pallor came over her face.

The next day the portrait was finished, and he invited her to look at it.

At the first glance she recoiled as if now for the first time she beheld herself. The revolt, the pride, the discord of her spirit looked out upon her in pathetic contrast with an alien tenderness. A strange fancy seized her, that it was her soul she saw.

That at the bidding of a magician her soul had taken shape and stood revealed before her.

"Am I like that?" she said, with a gasp. "Say, say, that I am not like that, Johnnie," she murmured, standing that evening before the portrait with the child in her arms.

"It is just like you," replied Johnnie. "You look like that when you tell me the story of the princess whom the wicked magician put under a spell."

Mr. Phillips left Beecham and returned to London. The portrait was hung up, and all the village turned out to look at and admire it.

Edith would have wished to turn its face to the wall. Sometimes a wild desire seized her to destroy it, to rid herself of this perpetual remainder that the mystery of her thought and feeling had been the subject of an intrusive power of divination.

* * * * * *

Mr. Hugh Phillips received an invitation from Miss Fitson to spend New Year's Day with her. He accepted the invitation eagerly.

He felt an interest in the girl who had sat for him, and he felt drawn to the spot where he might meet her again. His aunt met him at the railway station; she looked excited and troubled.

She had sad tidings to give him of the Sedgeways. Johnnie had died that morning, after a day's illness. The painter felt stunned; his soul went out in pity towards the girl, whose tie to life seemed to be her doting love for this child.

It was New Year's Day. Mr. Phillips sat by the bed on which Johnnie lay surrounded by flowers. He sat alone, painting the child, whose face seemed every moment to grow more ethereal and glorified, like that of an angel beholding the face of God.

He painted as in a trance of sympathy for the mourning sister, and of wonder at the loveliness of death. The twilight gathered; he became aware of a presence in the room; a soft voice whispered:

"How beautiful."

He turned; it was Edith. She stood there wan and stricken as with old age. Their eyes met. She was dry-eyed; his were full of tears.

"I painted it for you," he said.

* * * * * *

A number of young men, who called called themselves leaders of a new movement in art, took the gallery of a private dealer in Bond street, and invited a few outsiders, with whose work they were in sympathy, to hold an exhibition.

Mr. Phillips sent a picture, upon which he had bestowed infinite pains. It represented the figure of a child clothed in white drapery, standing on the summit of the earth, the orb outlined against the dim blue of space.

A nebulous light shone round the child's brow, and touched its golden hair, a suggestion of wings, spread about its shoulders. The peaceful eyes were full of a glorified love; the rosy lips were parted in an ethereal smile. The face was Johnnie's transfigured in the light of Heaven. The picture was called "The Child-Angel."

Mr. Phillips had painted with the thought of Edith before him, she was always there. Sometimes he saw her, as he last beheld her, wan with grief; sometimes her eyes seemed charged with a mysterious message.

Life lost its savor for the painter, in the longing that this spirit companionship should become that of the living woman. In this mood he had painted the child-angel.

The picture was hung on the line, and attracted a good deal of attention. He received several offers for it, but he refused them all. The picture and its message were for her.

He did not know where she was. The Manor House was closed, and she and her father had gone south. The last news received had been that they were starting for Egypt.

A day dream haunted the painter that she would come to the gallery; that one day he would enter and find her before this picture. He expected her.

October melted into November, November passed into December, and she did not come. The exhibition was to remain open till the New Year.

On New Year's Eve Mr. Phillips went early to Bond-street. It was the last day. He looked and saw that she had come. She turned and with a quick motion she put out her hand towards the wall, as if to support herself.

They did not speak for a moment; then she said, pointing to the picture:

"It is as I love to think he is."

"I thought of you and of him only as I painted," he answered in a low voice.

He took her hand, and led her to a distant corner of the gallery. A man was sitting at a table fumbling over some papers; another walked up and down. The presence of these strangers had a tonic effect upon the painter. It brought a sense of reality into the dreamy present.

She told him that her father had been taken seriously ill in Algiers; they had never gone so far as Egypt. He was better and they had returned to England by slow stages.

"All my comfort was that sketch you gave me of Johnnie!" she said, the tears rolling silently down her cheeks.

"I painted this picture for you," he replied, slowly, in a low voice; "I painted it that Johnnie might plead for me."

"For you?" she said.

"For me; for I love you, Edith—I love you!" he said.

She did not answer; but she grew pale and trembled, and a light sprang into her eyes.

A few minutes later they stood together before the picture, and as she looked, it became revealed to her that the power of spiritual divination against which she had rebelled was Love.

When Miss Fitson heard the news that her nephew and Edith were engaged she felt more than ever assured that she was a "Fate in petticoats."

Her letter to Edith was a paean of self-glorification. Edith's first movement was to throw the letter into the fire; she restrained herself and smiled.

"After all she brought us together," she murmured.

The smile remained, as she thought through what strange agents destiny sometimes works.

ROSE CUTTING.—A novel method of striking rose cuttings is said to be much in use with European growers. A ten-inch cutting is bent in the form of a bow and both ends inserted into the earth, so that only a part of the centre with the bud is above the ground. This arrangement stops the evaporation from the top end, while the lower end is forming roots.

Scientific and Useful.

NEW STREET CLEANSING MACHINE.—A new street cleansing machine has just been tried very successfully in the London streets. It is a combination of water cart and circular squegee.

COOLING JOURNALS.—An ingenious way for cooling a journal that cannot be stopped. It is to hang a short endless belt on the shaft unext to the box and let the low part of it run in cold water. The turning of the shaft carries the belt slowly round bringing fresh cold water continually in contact with the heated shaft, without spilling or spattering a drop.

The water from a wrought iron tank is delivered by a preforated tube, which directs it on the roadway in fine jets, the object of which is to combine with the mud and loosen it. Behind the jets is a rotary brush, set at an angle to the roadway, and formed of short pieces of rubber arranged in a screw like manner. These rubber pieces brush or rub the roadway and deliver the mud sideways toward the gutter, leaving it quite clean. The India rubber brushes are claimed to do six months constant work, and can be renewed at moderate cost. This machine can in summer lay and collect the dust into the gutters, while in winter, by the use of salt water, it can melt the snow and flush it down the sewers.

PAPER PILLOWS.—Paper pillows are all go in England. They are easily made. Tear the paper into very small pieces, not bigger than the finger nail, and then put them into a pillow sack of drilling or light ticking. They are very cool for hot climates and much superior to feather pillows. The newspapers are printing appeals for them for hospitals. Newspaper is not nice for use, as there is a disagreeable odor from printer's ink; but brown and white paper and old envelopes are the best. As they are torn stuff them into an old pillow case until a sufficient quantity is had. The easiest way is to tear or cut the paper in strips about half an inch wide and then tear or cut across. The finer it is the lighter it makes the pillows.

Farm and Garden.

POOR HAY.—It never pays to feed poor hay to the cows. If the hay is very poor it will pay the dairyman to use it for bedding and buy better.

SPEED IN HORSES.—The question of fostering and encouraging the fast-walking horses, so as to gradually produce a breed of that class is being agitated.

WOODEN POSTS.—The cheapest and best preparations for dipping the bottoms of wooden fence posts in to preserve them is oil of tar or creosote oil heated to 212 degrees, dipping the post long enough for thorough saturation. Coal tar or petroleum is the cheapest.

FRUIT.—Choice fruit sells better in small gift packages than in larger ones. Some growers ship their poor fruit in these small packages, thinking that if the size of the package affects the prices secured for good fruit it will also help the price of poor, but that is a mistake.

COTTON SEED.—If you can't get meat for your fowls, buy them some cotton-seed meal. If fed daily one pint to a mess of soft food for two hundred hens is sufficient. Milk is also an excellent substitute for meat, and, in fact, is considered preferable by some poultry keepers. No matter how well balanced their ration may be, change it often. A variety of food gives zest to the appetite and stimulates digestion.

MANURE.—The habit of dumping manure from the wagon in small piles is wasteful to both of time and manure. Comparatively few men can spread manure from piles so as to cover all the ground much less to cover it evenly. The matter is made still worse by leaving the manure piles to lie several days or weeks before being spread. The soluble parts of the manure are washed into the ground, and if every particle of the visible manure is removed, the spot will yet be richer than the space surrounding it.

GRAIN.—A few years ago farmers in grain-growing localities used straw lavishly for bedding, for the purpose of making the largest possible manure piles. Now the tendency is to use as little straw for bedding as is consistent with cleanliness. Cut straw mixed with ground grain makes a valuable feed, the straw furnishing carbonaceous matter, and the meal giving the elements that make muscle and growth. If corn meal is used, it should be mixed with ground oats or wheat bran to make a good feeding ration.

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THE POST will send as a premium to every person who sends us $2 00 for one year's subscription in advance, either the magnificent picture of "CHRIST BEFORE PILATE," the size of which is 21 x 28 inches, or the two splendid companion photo-gravures "IN LOVE" and "THE PEACEMAKER." They are printed on heavy-toned paper, and are in size 12 x 16 inches each. The subject of the first named "In Love" represents a young couple dressed in the fashion of our grandfathers and grandmothers, sitting under a tree in the garden of an old-time mansion. The maiden is sewing and the lover after the style of the period, is paying her most courteous attention. Everything in the work is full of life and beauty. In the second picture, "The Peacemaker," the couple have plainly had a quarrel. Both pretend to want to part, and at the same time both are evidently glad of the kind offices of a young lady friend who has just come upon the scene, and wishes to have them "make it up." Each picture tells its own story completely, and each is the sequel and complement of the other. Prettier works of art or neater pictures for the ornamentation of a parlor or sitting-room, never came from the hands of an artist.

Remember we send either "Christ Before Pilate," or the *Two* Splendid Companion Photo-gravures "In Love" and "The Peacemaker," all postage paid to each subscriber who sends us $2.00 for THE POST one year.

Self and Company.

In the animal kingdom the young are soon cast off from their mothers, and set up on their own account. With them Nature is a hard teacher.

The young sparrow, when he gets old enough, will, if strong, turn his father and mother out of their nest; if weak, will be driven a field to look out for himself.

The very hen of our farmyards only extends her love and her care for her brood up to a certain period. When they have been taught to scratch and pick for themselves, the paternal and maternal contract is at end.

The cat which tends her kittens in their blindness, and cherishes them when young, drives them away when mature enough to feed.

With man, education and cultivation have extended the paternal affection throughout life; and not only that, but beyond the present life, into the dim but not uncertain future.

When the child has passed from infancy to youth, and consciousness is fully developed, he has become surrounded by those impulses which bring to him every day, with increased force, the necessity for looking out for self.

Left solely to themselves, we believe that in boys, and girls too, the impulses towards the higher virtues of benevolence and generosity are very weak. Some philosophers have denied altogether that they exist, and insist that these virtues are implanted as well as cultivated by man.

The "noble savage" we have been taught by experience is altogether a fictitious person. The savage is a very base and cruel animal,—ready to slay, with a stealthy cowardice,—to betray, to rob, to do anything vile and bad

It used to be the fashion with philosophers of the Voltairean school, and with some Christians, to suppose a virtuous savage, without any of the guile of civilization, and with a soul as unsullied and white as parchment or new-fallen snow. An absence of civilization they took to be an absence of vice.

This is all very false. It, indeed, might be true in one instance; but to ascribe the virtues of one to a whole race is simply puerile.

The savage is of a lower, viler nature; and to presume to place him on a level, or to make him superior to the outwardly Christianized and civilized man, is as stupid and unjust as it is illogical. Self is strong in all.

Now we are not going to throw out any complaint against prevailing selfishness. We never were and never shall be friends to that careless and profuse giving which does so much harm, and which is too hasty to distinguish between him who is really deserving and him who merely puts on the most melancholy face. A wise selfishness, a certain adherence to "Self & Co.," would do us all good.

"Self-love," says Shakspeare, always wise and true, "is not so vile a thing as self neglecting;" and many a fine fellow has utterly ruined himself by being profuse with his money, his time, his good name and good nature; and all merely to please a set of lazy careless fellows who want to make him as foolish as themselves! A wise selfishness is a great thing. Let us first know ourselves, and then be true to ourselves; and it must follow "as the night the day, we cannot then be false to any man."

But just because self is our closest companion, our best friend, and our deadliest enemy, we should be careful that he takes into his house none but the best companions. For there is always in the one person a double man, and this duality of self the apostles called the flesh and the spirit. Plato, Socrates, nay, even before them Confucius, and no doubt others, had perceived this; and in common parlance, for minds unable to see the true distinction, we speak of a "better self." To bring this out should be ever our aim.

To have sublime thoughts is a noble thing; to have a cultivated taste, a fine expression, and grand imagination, all these are noble, which cannot be for a moment achieved by the merely selfish fool.

"He who has grand thoughts is grand at the moment of their inspiration," said Sir Egerton Brydges, when defending Lord Byron, "and he who would regard the whole must forget self."

In so doing, and in subduing narrow and egotistical prejudices, in foregoing indulgences, in looking on all men as his brothers, in sharing their pleasures, and forgetting in the common good his own sorrows, a man necessarily becomes happier.

True riches have been very happily defined to consist not in having much, but in being contented with little.

If we are to believe the historic fables, Alexander wept because there were no more continents to conquer, and Diogenes threw away a wooden bowl which he carried when he found that he could just as well drink from the hollow of his hand.

The man who narrowed his wants to the smallest limits was not only the wiser but the happier man; and the man who expands his sympathies and narrows his egotisms is happier and wiser than he.

A miser who accumulates gold frequently starves himself after an existence of the greatest privation, after enduring fear, hunger and cold merely for the sake of a senseless heap of gold which can do him no good, and which upon his death passes at once to somebody else.

Even love between the sexes, the very bond of union, is too often an expression of selfishness, sad to contemplate.

In the rapture of love the two young people forget their parents, their friends, and the world around them. Then the fever and the ferment passes, and wisdom comes with years.

The first baby teaches a great lesson; love enlarges its narrow circle and takes in another item. Suffering, sorrow, trial and experience touch the woman's heart and the man's mind, and true wisdom forces them to know that they, by sacred sympathy, can make the whole world one with themselves.

THE extremes of individuals serve to balance society, and out of their manifold differences is produced her harmonious progress. Just as the perfection of a curve demands that its successive portions shall have constantly differing directions, so the best good of society requires that each individual shall think his own thoughts and live his own life instead of copying or being merged into those of his neighbors.

THE young should be taught to trust in Providence and themselves, and to fight adverse circumstances to the last gasp. In a large majority of such gladiatorial combats he who thus champions fate to the uttermost wins the day; and at the worst it is a consolation in defeat to feel that nothing man could do to secure victory was left undone.

GOOD character largely depends upon the constant repetition of good actions until they become habitual; and whatever innocent means are necessary to secure this should be used. The best should have the preference if they can be made effective; but it is useless to press unavailable motives to which there is no response in the heart of the one to be influenced.

LET no man in despair say, 'I am but one.' In his unity—as in the unity of a sword—lies his might. If his metal be true, his singleness is strength—he may be multiplied indeed, but he cannot be divided. Minorities, and minorities of one, have generally done the real work of mankind.

ALL physical well-being, all mental sanity, all moral advancement, and of course all happiness, depend upon the continual exertion of power; and this, in its turn, depends upon having an aim close at heart, an object for which it is deemed worthy to strive.

ALMOST all of us live more in the future than the present. Those who live mostly in the past are on the high-road to worse sorrow than they know. To the healthy-minded the future has always the treasure to which the present holds the keys.

LIFE is largely what we make it, and, whatever may be its clouds and storms, they will be chased away at length by the clear sunshine of a noble character. "Fill thy heart with goodness, and thou wilt find that the world is full of good.

A MAN who does not continually adapt his highest actions to his highest feelings is a man in whom there is not enough sameness of purpose to render him capable of exerting any lasting influence on the world.

THERE are two things which will make us happy in this world if we attend to them. The first is never to vex ourselves about what we cannot help, and the second never to vex ourselves about what we can help.

THE chronically unhappy man who persists in trying to sour humanity should get him to his closet with his woes, and give the sunshine a chance to warm his neighbors.

LIFE is to be measured by action, not by time. A man may die old at 30, and young at 80—nay, the one lives after death, and the other perished before he died.

A NOBLE purpose never leaves a man languid and inert. Its inspiration continues; it quickens the desires and strengthens the powers for new efforts.

IN the long run earnest endeavor is almost always crowned with success. Untiring energy, though it may fail many times, will conquer in the end.

THE only faith which wears well and holds its colors in all weather is that which is woven of conviction.

The World's Happenings.

A milk white deer was shot recently near Mount Katahdin, in Maine.

Already in Baltimore they're talking about having "an old-fashioned Fourth of July."

Travelers in Russia are now obliged to have their photographs annexed to their passports.

A runaway horse in Newark, N. J., darted into a china store and smashed $200 worth of ware.

A man named Schmittaschmitt was chosen town clerk in the South Town district of Chicago recently.

The Mormons are gradually deserting Utah, and before long there will be only a few of them left in Territory.

A Scranton hotel keeper has ordered all his girl waiters to wear slippers, so that they will make less noise while moving about.

The increasing and apparently incurable deafness of the Prince of Wales has become a source of great annoyance to the royal family.

The aggregate weight of the family of Isaac Gloer, of Bowman, Ga., consisting of himself, wife and four children, is 1330 pounds.

The Mayor of Boston declines to preside at a meeting to discuss Russian barbarities; says he has all he can do to look after Boston.

At a recent sale of skins in London one of the lots was 250,000 Australian opossum skins. At another sale 30,000 African monkey skins were offered.

A man near Midland, Mich., took a chisel the other day and amputated a couple of his toes because the corns they bore bothered him.

A St Louis paper is informed that at least a dozen of young "society men" of that city make a practice of "darkening their eyebrows and eyelashes."

In Buenos Ayres an opera box for sixty nights cost $700. Coal for range or fire-place is from $38 to $40 per ton. You may go to the circus for $5.50. Shoes are worth from $10 to $12.

The English army is in a state of discontent because some London theatres refuse to admit non-commissioned officers in uniform to those parts of the house where full dress is required.

Wine is now transported in Europe in tank cars, like petroleum in the United States. One recently carried 11,000 litres from Italy to Berlin, and such transport is looked upon as successful.

An altogether incorrigible thief was arrested near Richmond, Indiana, a day or two ago for theft of a suit of clothes. He is 85 years of age and has spent more than a half of that time in jail.

Mayor Glenn, of Atlanta, Ga., has vetoed the liquor license granted to a woman by the City Councils, on the ground that it is against public policy to allow women to engage in the liquor business.

A Vienna baker is advertising his business by putting a gold ducat in one loaf out of every thousand that he bakes. The people in the poor suburb where his shop is situated fairly fight to buy the loaves.

Miss Minnie Lippincott, of Farmingdale, New Jersey, had arranged to be married Saturday, but instead was buried, having died Thursday, after two days illness, of pneumonia. She was laid out in her wedding gown.

In Kent, England, a farm of 500 acres that has been let for $6,000 per year, has just been re-let to the same tenant for $2,500. This is said to be a fair illustration of the decline of farm values in England of late years.

Chicago papers mention a nominating convention held there a few days at West Town where a ticket was made up by nominating an Irishman for assessor, a Dane for collector, a Bohemian for supervisor and an Italian for town clerk.

The other day a Minnesota clergyman traveled thirty miles, made six calls, visited two schools, gave an afternoon lecture and shot seven jack-rabbits, all between sunrise and sunset, and he said it wasn't good day for pastoral work, either.

W. H Smith, the leader of the British House of Commons, has recently built a new church at Portsea at a cost of more than $110,000. He has no interest in the place whatever, but happening to visit it for a day on government business, he noticed that it greatly needed a new church.

A master mason named Andrews, of Providence, R. I., has just received with some change a copper cent which he stamped with its initials and put in circulation about fifty years ago. He had always hoped to get it back again and now would not part with it, he declares, for hundreds of dollars.

Two wealthy Massachusetts women, sharing the common impression that women cannot understand business, left the management of their property to a nephew. He managed it so well that in a short time he had forged their names to the amount of $32,000, which the ladies paid rather than have a scandal in the family.

According to a New York railroad man who has a fancy for statistics, the railroad managers of this country have not less than $5,000,000 of their stockholders' money invested on special cars for their own private use. This investment not only does not draw any interest, but it involves the constant sending of more good money after it.

There is a dog in St. Louis that is a regular funeral goer. While driving out the road to Bellefontaine with a funeral he was seen to get up and trot along beside the hearse. No more was thought of him until the grave was reached and there the big brindle was seen hanging on the outskirts of the crowd, just as much interested as any one. From that time on he has been a regular mourner and he goes to every funeral that takes place.

A devoted couple, husband and wife, attempted suicide recently at St. Etienne, in France, because the husband was attacked with a fatal malady. They took the usual suicidal precautions to stop up all the chinks and crevices before starting up the carbonic gas, but only the husband got a sufficient dose to take him off, and his wife was resuscitated. On recovering herself fully she remarked that she felt as though she had waked up from a deep and long sleep.

HAD I TO CHOOSE.

BY S. M. B.

Had I to choose the world or thee,
Had I to either one to cling
And let the other slip from me,
Nor face it till eternity,
To thee would I allegiance bring!

From me all else with scorn I'd fling,
As dusty dross tossed in a sea,
And to thy breast with bliss I'd spring,
Had I to choose.

Full lightly would I hold each thing
Of earth or earthly pleasuring,
Or earthly greed, or earthly sting,—
A greater magnet thou would'st be,
I'd cling to thee unwaveringly,
Had I to choose!

Carhilton's Choice.

BY CURTIS YORKE.

HIS NAME was Reginald Fortescue Carhilton. He was of good family, distinguished appearance, and his tastes and instincts were the average tastes and instincts of an honorable English gentleman. He was tender-hearted, too—though he did not like to be considered so—generous, and chivalrous almost to a fault. As a set off against these good qualities, however, he was possessed of an exceedingly nasty temper, when roused (which, to do him justice, was not often), and besides, as the men of his club put it, he was "the most conceited ass in all London." He was not aware of this uncomplimentary opinion (we mortals are, as a rule, kept mercifully in ignorance of the pleasing aspect our characters present to our associates), and if he had been aware of it, it would have troubled him not at all. He had been rather spoiled from his youth up—being an only son, and much petted by an adoring mother and sisters; and had got into the way of thinking—and looking as if he thought—that the whole civilized world existed solely for the use and gratification of Reginald Fortescue Carhilton. He was rather a favorite with women—a fact of which he was fully aware. But he had few real friends of his own sex; for his conceit was of that imperturbable, tranquil, and altogether insufferable sort which aroused in most other men's breasts a lively and ever-present desire to quarrel with him on little or no pretext. And as he was not at all a pleasant person to quarrel with—for when his temper got the best of him he stuck at nothing—he was simply let alone, and cordially, if silently, disliked by his compeers. So it is that one failing may be as the grave of many virtues.

In the summer of 1886, however, his conceit received a severe and salutary shock.

On a sunny May day, just after luncheon, he left his father's house in Curzon Street to wend his way down to Boodles. Just as he was about to cross Piccadilly, at the head of St. James Street, a hansom dashed past, and—with the usual regardlessness of life and limb known to hansoms—knocked down a young lady who was darting across immediately in front of him. He hastened to forestall the policeman in assisting her; but she had struggled to her feet almost before he had time to reach her. Their eyes met; and Carhilton became conscious that he was looking upon the most lovely face he had ever seen in the whole course of his life—and he had seen a good many.

"Are you hurt?" he exclaimed anxiously, as he assisted her to the pavement. "These fellows never look where they are going," he added, with a muttered malediction on the retreating cabby, who had not thought it worth while to stop.

"No, I am not hurt, I think," the girl murmured faintly. "At least—not much. But my arm—oh, it is so painful! The wheel struck it, I think." And as she spoke he saw that her beautiful dark eyes were full of tears.

"You must have it seen to at once," he said, peremptorily waving aside one or two bystanders. "There is a very decent chemist's close at hand. Pray allow me to conduct you there. Besides, you must be faint and shaken, and ought to rest for a few moments."

She remonstrated nervously, saying she would rather go home at once; but Carhilton, who was used to having his own way in most things, quietly over-ruled her objections, and straitway conducted her to the chemist's shop, which as he had said, was close at hand. They had scarcely entered when to her protector's inexpressible dismay, the girl swayed uncertainly to and fro, caught his arm convulsively, and, almost before he could get her to a chair, became unconscious.

Carhilton hastily explained matters to the chemist, who, followed by two assistants, rushed from behind the counter; restoratives were applied; and in a few minutes the girl was herself again.

Carhilton insisted that her arm should be examined at once. Whereupon her sleeve was cut and gently rolled up—revealing, as the young man was quick to notice, an arm of exquisite whiteness—and a cruel-looking red bruise was exposed to view, above which the flesh was slightly torn, and bleeding a good deal.

"Good Heavens! how you must be suffering!" exclaimed Carhilton, surveying the wound with horror. "Is it serious? Will it leave a mark?" he asked one of the men, almost as anxiously as if he had been her husband—perhaps rather more so.

"Oh no, sir—very little," was the consoling answer. If Madam will be careful not to use it for a few days, and will have it bathed with this lotion, I trust it will be as well as ever in a fortnight."

"How kind you are!" murmured the young girl, when they were for a few brief minutes left comparatively alone—the chemist having gone for a bandage, and the assistants being occupied with other customers. What should I have done but for you?" As she spoke she raised her eyes to his—thus doing irrevocable damage to his hitherto invulnerable heart, and causing it to beat madly.

"Don't speak of it!" he answered quickly. "I am more than glad that I have been of any use. Pardon me if I say that you—I mean, that you surely ought not to be in the crowded street alone. It is exceedingly dangerous, and——"

"I am obliged to go out a good deal by myself," she interrupted him in a quiet voice. Then she added with a sleight accession of color, and a half-haughty movement of her little head, "I am a governess—and go out to teach every day."

Carhilton was extremely conscious of a slight shock of surprise and mingled compassion. She looked such a small fragile creature to be earning at present her own living! But he only said in a grave voice:

"Nevertheless, you may know London very well, and yet be liable to be run over at the street crossings—especially at this time, when the streets are so crowded. You have had a very narrow escape."

Just then the shopman reappeared with lint, and an unopened bottle of lotion, which, "if Madame would use she would find infallible," &c., &c.

"Now," said Carhilton, when the bandage had been satisfactorily adjusted, "about your getting home. You must let me call a cab for you. Pardon me," he added, as she protested, "I could not think of allowing you to go alone otherwise. You are still looking horribly pale and nervous; and you must remember that it is your right arm that is helpless."

A hansom was called accordingly, and Carhilton put her in, and communicated the address she gave him to the driver.

The address was 913 Camberwell Grove.

Reginald had heard of Camberwell—much the same as he had heard of Timbuctoo—and in point of desirability as a place of residence, would probably have yielded the palm to the latter. The discovery that this lovely refined young creature should be forced—by her poverty doubtless—to be buried alive in such a spot, caused that dangerously tender wave of pity to sweep once more over his heart.

"Poor child," he murmurred to himself as he watched the hansom whirl away. "Poor pretty child. What an awful thing that she should have to earn her own living. Why—she can't be older than Clarice—if so old!" (Clarice was his youngest and pet sister, a pretty girl of nineteen).

At this moment the shopman touched his arm.

"The lady left this, sir," he said, holding out a small ebony handled umbrella.

"Ah yes, thanks," said Carhilton languidly. And taking it from the man's hand, he walked slowly along the crowded street westward; past St. James' Street; past the Green Park; past the Grosvenor Place; clasping with a curious sense of satisfaction, the unknown girl's umbrella.

Before dinner time our knight errant had come to the conclusion that it would be would be simply brutal not to call to inquire for the fair unknown. Nay, he persuaded himself—or tried to persuade himself, let not me be the one to judge him—that as a matter of common politeness no gentleman could do less. Besides—it was clearly necessary that he should return her umbrella!—in person, of course. He had her address, we know; and on reaching home he had deciphered on a tiny silver band which encircled the umbrella-handle, the inscription—J. C. Grubb.

Carhilton felt a vague disappointment, somehow, in reading this very commonplace name. She looked so little like a person to be called Grubb. (Yes, he was aware that one or two "good" families bore that name; but that was nothing to the point). He wondered what "J" stood for. Julia, perhaps or Jessica, or—or—really, it was astonishing how few women's names began with "J."

All during dinner-time he was silent and distrait; so much the latter that his mother anxiously inquired if he were ill, and his father, who was a singularly irascible old gentleman, and who had addressed him twice without receiving any answer, asked him fiercely at last:

"What the devil he meant, sir, by not speaking when he was spoken to?"

Upon which his son replied, with some temper, that he wasn't aware that he had been spoken to; and poor Lady Carhilton, who was always in dread of a battle-royal between her hot-tempered husband and equally hot tempered son, nervously led the conversation into a new channel.

Next afternoon beheld Reginald Carhilton being whirled along in a swift hansom towards Camberwell Grove. In his button-hole was a delicate white flower, and in his hand was Miss Grubb's umbrella.

No. 913 Camberwell Grove was a shabby-looking house about half-way up the hill, standing in a melancholy and flowerless strip of garden. Carhilton, having paid and dismissed the cabman, walked up the untidy garden-path, and knocked at the door. A scampering and scuffling was immediately audible from within, and he became unpleasantly conscious that he was being viewed with inordinate interest by a confused group of untidy youthful heads at one of the windows.

When a considerable time had elapsed the door was opened by a very small and singularly dirty maid-servant.

"Is—or—Miss Grubb at home?" inquired Carhilton, fixing his eyeglass more firmly in his left eye.

"Yes, sir, she is, sir; please come in, sir," replied the girl, punctuating her speech with awkward little curtseys.

Carhilton entered, and having given the maid his card, found himself in a stuffy little sitting-room garnished with wax flowers, woolen antimacassars, and other decorations of a like nature which pierced his artistic soul.

After some time his ears were hearing a child's voice shouting;

"Jane! Jane! Mother says you're to come down at once. There's a gentleman wants you—an awful swell—with — "

Here the voice ceased abruptly, and became muffled and indignant.

Two minutes later the door opened and Miss Grubb entered.

Carhilton's heart leapt within him. Why, she was fifty times lovelier without her hat! far lovelier than he had pictured her.

She held out her left hand with a bewitchingly surprised little smile and blush. But she did not speak; and Carhilton hastened to say as he took the cool little fingers in his:

"I hope you will excuse the liberty I have taken in coming, Miss—or Grubb; but you left this"—producing the umbrella—"in the chemist's yesterday. I feared you might think you had lost it. Besides I felt so very anxious about you—about your arm. I trust you a feeling less pain—that it is easier?"

"Oh, much easier," said the girl, "thanks to your kindness yesterday. And how very good of you to come all this way. What a great deal of trouble I have given you!"

"Oh, not at all. I am often in this direction," returned Carhilton with reckless mendacity. "I——"

At this moment the door opened and a stout female entered clad in a purple merino gown. She seemed rather out of breath, as though from a flurried toilette—so hurried that her cap, which bristled with flame-colored flowers and ribbons, was a good deal, to one side.

Miss Grubb hastened to introduce Carhilton.

"This was the gentleman who was so kind to me kind to me yesterday, aunt," she said, in her sweet, vibrating voice, "Mr. Carhilton—my aunt, Mrs Clarke."

Mrs. Clarke at once launched into a torrent of voluble thanks and acknowledgements.

Such a providence you were at hand, sir! Such a narrow escape for my poor girl! Such a turn I got when she drove up in the 'ansom!"

These and other expressions of gratitude, Carhilton seemed to hear from afar, without taking in their meaning. For in his ears one sentence was ringing joyfully.

"My aunt, Mrs. Clarke!"

Thank Heaven, then, this was not her mother! Those abominable children he had seen at the window were not her brothers and sisters! This wretched hole was not really her home! How out of place she looked as she stood there in the shabby little room!—thought this rapidly succumbing young man. How dainty and sweet and lovely she was. How different from any other woman he had ever seen. How——

But here he pulled himself up, and became conscious that Mrs. Clarke was suggesting—nay, insisting that he should stay and spend the evening. Miss Grubb was looking serenely indifferent; and slightly piqued by this, Carhilton accepted at once, and threw his other numerous engagements to the winds.

Whereupon Mrs. Clarke bustled away, saying something about "high tea," and hoping that Mr. Carhilton would "take them as he found them."

Mr. Carhilton hadn't the ghost of a notion what "high tea" might mean; but he smiled his most fascinating smile as he opened the door for his hostess-to-be, and with a sensation of acute relief, addressed himself to the welcome duty of talking to Miss Grubb.

She was worth talking, to be found. A deliciously quaint little sparkle of wit ran through her conversation, which was piquante and pathetic by turns. He soon knew all her simple history. Her father and mother had died nearly a nearly a year ago, within a few days of each other. (Carhilton had noticed that she wore black, and had thought how well it suited her.) Her present home was with this aunt (a widow); and she earned enough by daily teaching to pay for her dress and board. The young man found himself listening with absorbing interest to these simple details, told with a childlike, straightforward frankness which fascinated him inexpressibly. The beautiful little face, with its exquisite outlines and coloring, the thrilling sweet voice, and the innocently dangerous eyes, made awful havoc in Carhilton's heart during that short half hour. I can hardly hope to be believed, perhaps, when I say that as he sat there he actually found himself picturing that proudly turned little head and delicately fashioned figure gracing his table, and moving gracefully about a home that should be his and hers alone. He mentally eliminated the word "Grubb," and substituted "Carhilton." He——

But enough! He thought all these things, and his heart was beating as wildly and as foolishly as if he had been twenty instead of thirty. For alas! he had fallen madly and hopelessly in love!

The unromantic announcement by the small maid that tea was ready, brought his half-unconscious dreams to an abrupt conclusion: and he followed his divinity into a room on the other side of the passage, where Mrs. Clarke, two girls (rather younger, apparently, than Miss Grubb), and two small, rough-headed boys were waiting to sit down to table.

"High tea" appeared to be the conglomeration of that exhilarating beverage with various comestibles hitherto unknown to the aristocratic visitor, and of which he ate as sparingly as was consistent with politeness. This fact was loudly lamented by Mrs. Clarke and her eldest daughter—the latter a showy-looking, but exceedingly "loud" young woman, who rejoiced in the name of Flora.

The meal being over, they adjourned again to the "drawing-room;" and Flora, at her mother's complacent request, "gave them a little music." Her voice and style were both very awful; and during the performance Carhilton, who had a passion for music—real music—was conscious of a wild desire to go quietly away somewhere and die. He felt an absolute terror as he saw Miss Grubb take her seat at the instrument in response to Miss Clarke's boisterous,

"Now then, Jane—your turn!"

Carhilton closed his eyes and shudder slightly. But the next minute he opened them in incredulous ecstasy, as the first few bars of Schubert's "Serenade" filled the room with melody. The exquisite, passionate young voice—sweet, and powerful, and perfectly trained rose and fell with the agitated throbs of Carhilton's heart, and put the finishing touches to his infatuation.

Half an hour passed—it seemed to Carhilton like five minutes—and then Miss Clarke, who had been vainly endeavoring to draw the visitor into a giggling discussion over the family photograph album, suddenly proposed a "round game." But Carhilton, suddenly remembering a most important engagement—rose to go, steadfastly resisting Mrs. Clarke's warm invitation to stay and "sup a bit of supper, or at least [illegible] a snack."

After [illegible] evening [illegible]

became a frequent visitor at Camberwell Grove. Exquisite flowers, delicious French bon bons, and all the new music, formed sufficient excuses, it appeared, for his visits. There was was no doubt the family were simply awful. But Jane!—divine lovely Jane! Why, she Janided the whole piece, so to speak!

Reginald rather shunned his home in those days and; and in this perhaps he was wise, for his temper, far from equable at any time was now, as his eldest sister Annie viciously remarked, perfectly unbearable. His mother drove him wild by imploring him to see a doctor, as she was sure his alternate irritability and listlessness denoted approaching serious illness; while he and his father, peppery old Sir George, had some fair tilts, both at table and in the smoking room.

As a matter of fact, this hitherto careless and happy young man was feeling as uncomfortable and as miserable as it is possible for an averagely healthy and fortunate young Englishman to feel. For a fierce conflict raged ceaselessly in his heart and his will was swayed now this way—now that way—until he felt half mad at times. He could neither eat nor sleep, and was altogether so his unlike calm, supercilious self, that the men of his acquaintance began openly to wonder "what the deuce was the matter with Carhilton."

There was one little woman, however, who wondered more than anyone, and that was Lady Rose Darnley, a very pretty and charming girl, whom Sir George Carhilton had fixed upon as a suitable daughter-in-law. His son knew this, but had not chose to mention the matter to Lady Rose, as—until his chance meeting with Jane Grubb—he had not experienced any special desire towards matrimony.

Lady Rose was piqued, for she admired him immensely, but now she put down his variable moods to an accession of passion for her fair little self, and smiled upon him bewitchingly whenever they met—which, as they were in the same sets, was pretty frequently. At last, after many miserable days and nights, his mind was made up. He simply could not live without Jane Grubb. She should be his wife—she future Lady Carhilton. He felt he was making an awful sacrifice, of course; and the consciousness of this tinged his manner towards Jane with a certain lordly condescension not previously noticeable. He resolved not to speak to her on the matter, however, until he had informed his family of his decision. There was no necessity for the poor child being worried in any way. When she was settled amicably—for he guessed his family would be unpleasantly surprised—little Jane and he could be formally engaged.

He told his mother and sister first; and loftily disregarded the former's tears, and the latter's respective sneers and gentle though half-incredulous remonstrances.

"My mind is made up," he informed them coldly. "So there is no use making a fuss about it."

"Have you told your father?" sobbed Lady Carhilton piteously.

"No," was the curt answer. "I am going to do so now,"

Five minutes later father and son were seated opposite to each other in the library.

"Can I have a few words with you, sir?" said Reginald courteously, as he crossed his legs and lit a cigar.

"Well, what is it?' growled his parent, who was not in the best of humors—for he had a slight touch of gout.

"I think it right to inform you," proceeded Reginald with his most languid air, "that I am going to be married."

A smile of positive geniality overspread Sir George's rather rugged features as his son paused. But he only said gruffly, "Glad you've made up your mind at last. I can't think what you've been waiting for. Well—well—better late than never. She's a nice girl; and her father and I have cherished the idea for years. You have my good wishes and—"

But his son interrupted him.

"I think we are talking rather at cross-purposes," he said quietly. "I presume you are alluding to Lady Rose Darnley?"

"Of course I am!" returned the old gentleman explosively. "To whom should I have been alluding?"

"I regret if I have unintentionally misled you," was the calm answer. "But it is not Lady Rose whom I intend making my wife."

"And who the devil is it, then, may I ask?" thundered Sir George, growing purple in the face.

"She is—sir—a Miss Grubb," said Reginald steadily. Then he went on, determined to nail his colors to the mast as it were, "she is a daily governess, and she lives in Camberwell."

After this bombshell, dead silence reigned in the library for the space of one minute. For Sir George was literally speechless with rage. Then the storm burst forth in all its fury.

"What! you infernally insolent young scoundrel!"—roared the altogether infuriated baronet. "What! Do you suppose I shall allow this infamous marriage to take place? You—my only son—to throw yourself away upon some beggarly scheming adventuress—some bold faced brazen hussey whom your mother and sisters will blush to meet? Devil take you, sir! Devil take you? Get out of my sight!—and don't let me see you again until you've come to your senses!"

There are some things no man will stand, even from his own father. Reginald had risen; he was deadly pale, and his eyes were flashing dangerously.

"Stop, sir!" he said, controlling himself with an almost super-human effort. "Stop! before I forget that you are my father and that I owe you a son's respect. Nothing you can say—no cowardly and coarse insinuations of yours—can affect the character of my future wife in my eyes. I shall marry the girl I love, though it were in your power to disinherit me to-morrow. She is, I am aware, beneath me in position. I small raise her to mine. You forget I am no boy—but a man, whose disposal of his life is in his own hands."

In reply to this Sir George lost his head entirely, gesticulated like a madman, shouted until he was hoarse, and used fearful language.

"That will do, sir," said his son coldly as the old gentleman paused for breath. "Might I suggest that it is unnecessary to inform the whole neighborhood of our unhappy difference? As it will be anything but pleasant for us to occupy the same house after what has passed, I shall take rooms, and rid you of my presence altogether. Good evening."

As Reginald left the library, he encountered his sister Clarice's fiance, Captain Charles Fitzgerald. They turned into the smoking-room together, and Fitzgerald said:

"I say, Carhilton, I've just left your mother and sisters. They seemed in a deuce of a state. What's it all about? Your mother says you are irretrievably ruined; Annie says that you are going to marry a ballet-girl; and Clarice was crying as if her heart would break, and won't say anything. And from the appalling sounds we've heard issuing from the library, I should say you've been having it pretty rough from the old man—whatever your misdemeanours may have been. What is the row?" And Fitzgerald lit a cigar, and threw himself into an easy-chair.

"The row is," returned Carhilton violently, "that I am going to marry a girl whom I much love, and whose only fault is that she is beneath me in social position."

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Fitzgerald, sittingly suddenly upright in his chair. "Anne was right, then, about the ballet-girl? In the name of common sense, Carhilton, think what you are doing!"

"My future wife is not a ballet-girl," returned Carhilton haughtily. "And let me tell you, Fitzgerald, that I resent your questioning me this way. The fact that you are going to marry my sister does not give you the right to interfere in my private affairs."

"Now don't get nasty, old man," was the good-natured answer. "You know your own business best, I suppose. But let's hear all about it."

Some ten minutes later, their conversation was interrupted by Clarice, who had dried her tears, and now desired to know all about it."

Reginald rose,

"Fitzgerald will tell you," he said irritably. "I am going out."

And he swung himself out of the room.

Nearly a week had passed. Carhilton had taken rooms in Jermyn Street, and removed his belongings from under the roof of his hot-tempered sire. Strengthened by opposition, he felt his love for little Jane grow stronger day by day. At his earnest request, his sister Clarice—who adored him, and privately considered him only second in manly perfection to Captain Fitzgerald—drove out to Camberwell Grove, and made the acquaintance of her brother's divinity. She was charmed with Jane, but agreed with Reginald that the aunt and cousins were awful, and that the marriage had better take place as soon as possible—quite privately, of course.

"And then you can go away for a little wedding trip," said Clarice decisively—she was beginning quite to enter into the spirit of the thing—"and I shall get Charlie to see about taking a house, you know, and all that. And when Charlie and I are married. I shall take your dear little wife about with me, and introduce her to all the best people. Of course dear Mamma can't call her soul her own without Papa's consent, but he will come around by and bye when he sees the thing can't be helped. And as for Anne nobody cares what she thinks."

"You—er—didn't say anything to Jane about—a—about my intentions?" inquired Reginald.

"Oh no, dear, certainly not, as you said you hadn't spoken to her yet. But I told her I almost seemed to know her, and all that—from having heard you speak of her so much. And I am sure, Regie, she is very fond of you."

"Yes, poor little girl," replied Carhilton, stroking his mustache with a conscious smile. "I am sure she is."

"She is decidedly lovely, and quite a lady," went on Clarice enthusiastically. "But oh, Reginald—the cousin!—that Miss Clarke? She sat giggling in the room beside us all the time I was there. What a creature!"

"Ah, yes, she is very awful," said her brother with a shudder. "Indeed a very little of my pretty Jane's family go a very long way. But we shall cut Camberwell Grove very emphatically when we are married. I agree with you that our marriage should take place soon; for, between ourselves, Miss Clarke has been making a dead set at me, and I strongly suspect takes all my visits to herself. So I shall run over this evening—no, I have a particular engagement—I shall go to-morrow, and have the thing settled."

Clarice rose to go (she come straight from Camberwell to her brother's rooms); and Reginald, having put her into a hansom, strolled toward his club, indulging in rosate dreams of the future. After that, he felt he did not regret the tremendous sacrifice he was making. Little Jane was worth it all.

On the evening of the following day he was standing on the very familiar doorstep of No 913, Camberwell Grove. One of the younger boys, a pinafored atom of six, opened the door for him before he had time to knock, and showed him into the drawing room. Carhilton got well into the room; then he stopped in half-incredulous and wholly indignant amazement.

For there, upon the hearthrug, stood a stranger—a well built, and very good looking young man; and close beside him—in his arms, in fact, was Jane? Yes, Jane Grubb—the future Lady Carhilton! Nay, more—as this scene presented itself to Carhilton's enraged vision, the strange young stooped, and deliberately and unrebuked—kissed Jane's scarred lips!

Reginald laid down his hat and stick with violence, and advanced hastily towards the guilty pair, who becoming aware of his presence for the first time, started apart, and had the grace to blush.

"May I ask what you mean, sir?" inquired Carhilton, after a pause, speaking in a tone of only half-suppressed fury. "May I ask now you dare to presume to—to kiss—my future wife! Jane!"—turning haughtily to that young lady—"I trust some explanation of this extraordinary scene may be forthcoming!"

The strange young man had grown very pale.

"What does this mean, Jane?" he said sternly. "By what right does this gentleman speak of you as his future wife?"

"I don't know!" returned Jane indignantly—though she was almost in tears. "He never did it before. I think he must be mad! Fred—don't look so dreadful!"

"I don't understand," said "Fred," with ominously glittering eyes. "Have you permitted him to look upon you as engaged to him?"

"Certainly not!" cried Jane hysterically. "Why—he never asked me! And if he had," directing a scornful look towards the stricken Carhilton—"I should never have dreampt of accepting him! Fred—how can you ask when you know I am engaged to you?"

Carhilton felt very sick.

"Are you serious in saying you are engaged to this gentleman?" he asked in a very low voice.

"Miss Grubb has been engaged to me for the last ten months," returned Fred in a voice that shook with anger. "And, that being the case, I demand some explanation of your extraordinary remarks. Unless," he added fiercely, turning to the weeping Jane—"unless, Miss Grubb, you have been deceiving me, and playing the part of a heartless coquette!"

Carhilton felt that it was only the duty of a man to exculpate Jane, for her legitimate fiance was evidently working himself up into a furious passion.

"I alone am to blame," he said in a hoarse, unsteady voice. "I have loved Miss Grubb ever since I first made her acquaintance, I hoped to make her my wife. She is quite blameless in the matter, as I have never spoken to her on the subject. I intended to do so to-day."

"You seem to have been tolerably sure of your answer," returned Fred with a sarcastic smile.

Carhilton drew himself up haughtily; then looking at Jane, he saw that she had dried her tears, and that her pretty face was dimpling with scornful laughter.

It was too much. How he got himself out of the house he never knew. He felt faint and giddy, and a curious singing was in his ears. The fresh air revived him somewhat, and he walked on and on—without having the slightest idea where he was going—until night came on. Then he became conscious that it was raining, that he was soaked to the skin, and that his head was aching horribly. He had a confused idea that he must be somewhere near Greenwich. He must have walked a long way, he knew, for his limbs felt heavy and tired. An empty mansion passed; he hailed it and drove to his rooms in Jermyn Street. Arrived there, he shut and locked the door, and bowed his head on his hands.

After a long time he raised his head, and almost mechanically took from his pocket a small blue velvet case. It contained a superb hoop of diamonds—the engagement ring he had bought that very day for little Jane!

With a fierce oath he flung it through the open window into the street.

As he did so his eyes fell upon a letter which was placed in a conspicuous position on the table. It was addressed by Clarice; but the writing inside was his father's, and ran thus,

"DEAR REGINALD,—

"We have both been hasty; let bygones. Your sister Clarice seems to think highly of the girl you have chosen. You are my only son; and, as she is to be my daughter, let us be friends. Bring her to see me. "Your affectionate father,

"G. L. CARHILTON."

Reginald folded the note slowly and replaced it in its envelope—a bitter smile curving his lips the while. His reflections were not pleasant. He remembered how he had told all his male acquaintances of his approaching marriage. He remembered, too—and in remembering cursed his fatuous folly—that he had also told Lady Rose, thinking it only fair to her to do so. He thought of the inevitable storm of chaff and ridicule that awaited him on all sides. How could he explain?—how acknowledge to all his world what a conceited, self-sufficient fool he had been?

No, he simply could not face it; he would leave England to-morrow, without any explanation of any kind, and let his friends and enemies think what they would.

Then little Jane's sweet innocent eyes and pathetic lips seemed to rise before him, and he remembering all he had said—why, indeed! for a man cannot know what he never possessed—he broke down utterly; and bowing his head on his arms, he wept like a woman.

CURIOSITIES OF DUELLING.

THERE is no record of a private duel having been fought in England before the time of James the First. Duels became usual in the reign of that monarch, and grew in favor during the years in which the two Charles occupied the throne.

They were most common in England in the dissolute days of Charles the Second. It was then customary for seconds to fight as well as their principals, and, as they were always chosen for their adroitness, these combats were usually the more fatal.

Duels were prevalent in France for fully a century before they became introduced on that side of the Channel.

Hallam attributes their rise to the barbarous custom of wearing a sword as part of the private dress of a gentleman of fashion, which was introduced at the end of the fifteenth century.

The height that this vice attained in France is shown by the statement of Fortenoy Mareuil, who says, in his "Memoires," that two thousand men of noble birth fell in duels between 1601 and 1619.

Edicts against duels were published; but with little effect. Men fought in the public streets and in private rooms; by day and night; by moonlight and torchlight; and it was not until Richelieu made a terrible example of the Count de Bouteville—a noted duellist, who had been in twenty-two encounters—that anything was anything was done to stop them.

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Bouteville and his second, the Count de Chappelles, were beheaded, in spite of the efforts of their noble friends; and their fate acted as a deterrent on would-be duellists for some years.

After the effect of this salutary example had worn off a little, and duels began again to become fashionable, a further check was imposed upon them by two combatants being, at the Cardinal's orders, stripped and hung from a gallows head downwards, in the sight of all people.

On Richelieu's death the habit broke out again with renewed violence, and continued to be more or less prevalent until the Revolution put a stop to it for a time.

A list of duels fought in France during the last sixty years, includes the names of such well known men as Emile de Girardin, Armand Carrel Lamartine, Alexander Dumas, Ledru Rollin, Edmond About, Sainte Beuve, and Monsieur Thiers; while the recent meeting between General Boulanger and Monsieur Floquet shows that Frenchmen of every class still regard the duel as the legitimate way in which to settle disputes.

The best feature of this survival of the manners of a barbarious age is, that though during the last twenty years there have been nearly a thousand duels in France, in ninety-eight per cent of the cases the combatants left the field unscathed, though the demands of honor were declared to be satisfied. So it seems that Mark Twain's delightful parody of a French duel has a good deal of truth in it.

One of the most extraordinary duels ever fought took place in 1808 between two Frenchman. Of course the quarrel arose about a lady—a certain Mademoiselle Frevit—who, it appears, was unable to decide which of the two she preferred, and who found a way out of the difficulty by promising to marry whichever of them worsted the other. The ardent lovers agreed to postpone the matter for a month that they might have time to think it over in a calm and judicial spirit; and at the end of that time, decided to fight in the air.

Two balloons were made exactly alike; and, upon the appointed day, each soared aloft, accompanied by his second, and armed with a blunderbuss; the agreement being that they were to fire not upon one another, but upon the balloons. They rose half a mile, and then the preconcerted signal was given.

One of the opponents fired and missed; the other followed suit with more disastrous effect. He hit his opponent's balloon, which instantly collapsed, with the result that the occupants of the car were dashed to the earth with frightful rapidity and killed on the spot.

A duel, which occasioned a great sensation at the time of its occurance was one between Henri Delagrave and Alphonse Riviere; the cause being the success of the former in wooing a young to whom they were both attached. Riviere insulted his successful rival by slapping him on the cheek in a gaming-saloon, and it was agreed that a duel should take place in which the life of one should be ended.

The details were left to their seconds to arrange; and, until they faced one another upon the field, neither of the young men knew in what form they were to brave death. On the following morning four men met in a quiet wood. They were Riviere, with Monsignor Savalle, his second, and Delagrave, who was accompanied by a doctor named Rocquet.

The latter informed the rivals that Monsignor Savalle and himself had arrived at the decision that, in order to secure the certainty of a fatal result to one of the principals, it would be best to leave out of the question swords or pistols, and to trust to the more sure action of a deadly poison. As he spoke he drew from his pocket a little box, in which lay four black pellets all exactly identical in size and shape.

"In one of these," he said, "I have placed a sufficient quantity of prussic acid to cause the almost instantaneous death of any one who swallows it. Monsieur Savalle and I will decide by the toss of a coin which of you is to have first choice, and

you shall alternately draw and swallow a pill until the poison shows its effects."

While speaking the last words, the doctor spun into the air a glittering gold piece, and, as it fell, Savelle cried "Talle." It fell with the head uppermost, and Savelle said:

"The first choice is yours, Monsieur Delagrave."

The two whose fate was contained in those innocent looking black balls had shown no sign of trepidation while the doctor explained the awful preparations that he had made for the death of one of them, and Delagrave's face was perfectly impassive as he selected and washed down with a glass of claret one of the globules.

"And now Monsieur Riviere," said the doctor.

Riviere extended his hand and took a pill, which he swallowed with as little appearance of concern as his opponent. A minute passed, two, three, and still the duellists stood motionless.

"It is your choice again, Monsieur Delagrave," said the doctor; "but this time you must swallow the pill at the same instant that Monsieur Riviere swallows the one that you leave for him."

Delagrave paused for a moment, looking in silence at the two balls that lay before him. The closest scrutiny showed not the slightest difference between them, one was harmless, but in the other rested the pall of eternity—the silence and peace of that sleep which knows no awakening in this world. With a start, he drew his eyes from the box, and, putting his finger and thumb into it, drew forth one of the remaining pills. Riviere took the solitary one remaining, and both men simultaneously gulped down their fate. A few seconds passed without any perceptible movement on the part of either of them, and then Riviere threw up his hands, and, without a sound, fell flat upon the grass. He turned half around, gave one convulsive shudder, and, as his rival bent over him, breathed his last.

The fair cause of this awful tragedy was so horrified at it, that she refused to see Delagrave again; and the memory of those few minutes weighed so heavily upon him, that he followed Riviere to the grave in a few months' time.

Of a similar nature was a duel which took place between a young Englishman and a noted French duellist—a man who had killed several adversaries, and was considered the most deadly shot in his day. Every morning he devoted a couple of hours to shooting at small plaster-of-Paris figures, and such was his skill, that he was able to make almost a certainty of hitting them at a distance of fifty paces.

The Englishman expressed his entire willingness to meet this formidable adversary, but not on the usual terms.

"I have no fancy," he said, "of placing myself before the pistol of a man whose aim is as sure as mine is erratic; and the only conditions on which I will consent to the meeting, are that we choose between two pistols, one only of which is loaded, and, standing within two paces one another, fire simultaneously."

The Frenchman consented with perfect coolness to this proposal, and the meeting took place on these terms. Two pistols were brought out, and the seconds of the combatants tossed up for choice of weapons.

The selection fell to the Frenchman—Villeneuve. He balanced the weapons separately in his hands, endeavoring to discriminate between the weight of the one which contained the bullet and the one which was charged with powder only. He fixed up the one he thought was the heavier, and the other was given to Talbot his antagonist.

They took up their positions so close to one another, that the muzzle of each man's pistol touched his adversary. The seconds advanced. Talbot wrung the hand of his friend with a faint smile, while Villeneuve nodded carelessly to those among the bystanders whom he knew.

The word was given, and the two pistols went off at the same instant.

Both men fell. Talbot rose almost immediately, but Villeneuve lay still, having the fate of most professed duellists. Talbot's face was scorched by the explosion of the gunpowder; but he escaped the death that undoubtedly would have been his had the meeting taken place in an ordinary way.

Several remarkable duels have been fought in the dark. In 1800, Isaac Corry and Henry Grattan engaged in a fierce debate, which culminated in Corry saying that Grattan, instead of addressing him, should, if he had his deserts, be standing at a felon's bar.

Grattan's reply to this insult concluded with the following words:

"The gentleman has calumniated me to-night in parliament; he will calumniate me to-morrow in the King's courts. But had he said, or dared to have insinuated one half as much elsewhere, the indignant spirit of an honest man would have answered this vile and venal slander with a blow."

The two left the house immediately, with friends, and, though it was pitch dark, a meeting was arranged there and then, and at the first shot Corry's left arm was shattered.

As recently as 1853 Lieutenant Shepard, stationed at Bombay, offended Captain Phillips of his own regiment. A violent dispute arose, which ended in their exchanging shots by the light of a candle, held by a servant of one of them. Captain Phillips fell mortally wounded. His opponent was tried by court-martial, dismissed the army, and afterwards found guilty of manslaughter by a civil court.

One night, at Cassala, Signor Rossi was playing Hamlet, and was interrupted, time after time, by the loud talking and laughing of a body of young Italians. Finally he stopped in the middle of a speech, and walking to the footlights said: "I will continue when you will allow me."

The chattering stopped, and he was able to proceed with his part; but, at the conclusion of the play, the box keeper handed him a challenge from one of the young men to whom he had spoken. The actor did not wish to appear afraid; but it was absolutely imperative that he should leave Cassala early the next morning, as he had to give a performance at Milan. He went to the address of the challenger and explained matters to him, adding: "If you will dispense with the formality of seconds and will accompany me to my hotel, I have a big room in which we can settle our little difference in time for me to get away to Milan, if you allow me."

The proposal was agreed to, and they repaired at once to Rossi's hotel. But they were not allowed to fight their duel in peace, for the landlord came to the door and begged to be allowed to enter. He had heard of the challenge, and seeing Rossi return with a stranger, his suspicions were aroused. It was all in vain that Rossi told him his visitor had gone. Nothing would satisfy him unless he could see the light extinguished.

"We must humor him," whispered Rossi. "It will be easy to take aim by the sparks of our cigarettes."

So the light was put out, and the landlord went away, only, however, to hear in a few minutes two loud reports, and to find his fears confirmed on rushing back again. Rossi stood uninjured; and his antagonist lay with a shattered shoulder blade.

Lord Byron, uncle of the poet, killed a Mr. Chatworth in a duel which was fought practically in the dark in 1765. There was some suspicion of foul play, and Lord Byron was tried for manslaughter before his peers, but was dismissed on payment of the fees.

The nephew of this man, Lord Byron, the poet, was much galled by strictures passed by Southey upon his character and writings, and announced his intentions of demanding "the satisfaction due to a gentleman." For some reason the challenge was never sent; but in anticipation of it the Laureate prepared the following reply, which was found among his papers:

"SIR,—I have the honor of acknowledging the receipt of your letter, and do myself the pleasure of replying to it without delay. In affairs of this kind the partners ought to meet upon equal terms. But to establish the equality between you and me, there are three things which ought to be done, and then a fourth also becomes necessary before I can meet you on the field:

"Firstly.—You must have four children. Please be particular in having them all girls.

"Secondly.—You must prove that the greater part of the provision which you make for them depends upon your life; and you must be under a bond of four thousand pounds not to be hanged, not to commit suicide, and not to be killed in a duel—which are the conditions upon which I have effected an insurance of my own life for the benefit of my wife and daughters.

"Thirdly.—I must tell three distinct falsehoods concerning you upon the hustings, or in some other not less public assembly; and I shall neither be able to do this, nor to meet you afterwards in the manner you propose, unless you can perform the fourth thing, which is, that you must convert me from the Christian religion.

"Till all this be accomplished, our dispute must be carried on without the use of any more iron than is necessary for blackening our ink and mending our pens; or any more lead than enters into the composition of the 'Edinburgh Review.'

"I have the honor to subscribe, sir, yours' with all proper consideration,

"ROBERT SOUTHEY."

In the last century Europe nearly beheld the edifying spectacle of a duel between two of the most powerful monarchs of the day. A quarrel arose between George the Third of England and Frederick of Prussia about negotiations for a double marriage which it was proposed should take place between their houses. The angry feeling engendered was increased by a quarrel about Mecklenburg, and after a violently abusive and very unbecoming correspondence, the two monarchs came to the resolution of settling their differences by a personal meeting. King George chose Brigadier-General Sultan as his second, and Frederick selected Colonel Dersheim to accompany him. The territory of Hildesheim was fixed upon for the place of meeting, the King of England being at this time at Hanover, while the Prussian monarch was at Saltzdahl, near Brunswick.

The meeting was averted by the Prussian Minister to the Court of St. James, who, having been dismissed thence, in a very abrupt manner, repaired to his Royal master.

At first he feigned to encourage him in his purpose, but he managed to persuade Frederick to delay the sending of the challenge for a fortnight by pointing out to him that his health was far from good just then, and that a collapse just before the meeting would place him in a very false position.

The delay enabled the ministers on both sides to negotiate, with the result that the quarrel was made up.

Dueling received its death-blow in England by a fatal encounter which took place on the first of July, 1843.

Two officers, Colonel Fawcett and Lieutenant Munro, who were brothers-in-law, had a quarrel. Colonel Fawcett was elderly; had been in India; was out of health; and exceedingly irritable in temper. It came out afterwards that he had given his relation the greatest provocation. Still, Lieutenant Munro rung back from what, up to that time, had been regarded as the sole resource of a gentleman, especially a military man.

He showed great reluctance to challenge Colonel Fawcett; and it was only after the impression—mistaken or otherwise—was given to the insulted man, that his regiment expected him to take the old course, and that if he did not do so he must be disgraced throughout the Service, that he called out his brother in-law. The challenge was accepted; the meeting took place; Colonel Fawcett was shot dead; and the horrible anomaly presented itself of two sisters—the one rendered a widow by the hand of her brother-in-law; and a family of children clad in mourning for their uncle, whom their father had slain. Apart from the bloodshed, Lieutenant Munro was ruined by the miserable step on which he had been thrust.

Public feeling was roused to protest against the barbarous practice, by which a bully had in his power to risk the life of a man immeasurably his superior, against whom he happened to have a dislike. Prince Albert interested himself deeply in the question, especially as it concerned the army.

Various expedients were suggested; eventually an amendment was inserted into the Articles of War, which was founded on the more reasonable, humane, and Christian conclusion that to offer an apology, or even to make reparation when wrong had been committed, was more becoming the character of an officer and gentleman, than to furnish the alternative of standing up to kill or to be killed for a hasty word or rash act.

EVERY ONE is able to represent to himself something of what others are thinking and doing, feeling and experiencing—something of their conditions of life, of their advantages or disadvantages, of their pleasure or pain. In proportion as these representations are correct and vivid will a man be able to sympathize truly and keenly with others; in proportion as they are weak and imperfect will he be unable to feel or express this sympathy.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Nothing in this country more astonishes an English university-bred man than our college yells. He never takes the practice as a bit of American fun, but seriously sets to work to prove how even educated Americans follow the customs of the savage Indian, his war whoop being perpetuated in the college yell. The American college boy is not an ideal creature; he may even be a bit of a barbarian. But the English university man, as described in various truthful chronicles, is hardly qualified to tell him so.

Two German engineers propose to use three continuous platforms moving along the streets side by side. The lowest of these platforms is 4 inches high, and moves at a uniform speed of five feet per second. Any ordinary pedestrian can, they state, mount this platform from the ground without difficulty, any from this he can with equal ease step on to a second platform 4 inches higher than the first, and move twice as rapidly. The passenger thus acquires a speed of ten feet per second, and, stepping on to the third platform in the same way, he is carried at a speed of fifteen feet per second, or ten miles an hour, to his destination, where he steps off in the inverse order.

The agricultural estimates of the French Financial Department for the current year present some interesting features. Wolves continue to be still a serious danger and annoyance. The French Budget accordingly includes a vote of £2,200, to be employed in hunting down and destroying them. More than seven hundred head of wolves are known to be killed annually in France. About £62,000 is to be spent during the year in measures against phylloxera and other insects; £80,000 odd in encouraging horse breeding; £56,000 for buying horses and mares for the stud farms; £73,000 in encouraging agricultural improvements and drainage; £60,000 toward agricultural education; £55,000 in aid of various agricultural institutions, and about £40,000 in veterinary education, besides which £160,000 is to be given toward water engineering, irrigation and prevention of floods.

A gentleman from Dooly tells a Georgia paper that recently, after a preacher had finished his sermon in one of the rural districts, a young couple stood up before him to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony. The parson asked the usual question: "If any one objects to the marriage of A and B let them now speak or forever after hold his peace." After a short pause he was about to proceed with the ceremony, when a young man, minus coat, with unkempt hair, dirty face and red eyes arose and blubberingly said: "Mr. Preacher, I object. Lizzie has promised to marry me, and she has got my ring on her finger; and 'cause Bob gave her a young filly and has a new house she has flung me off." The indignant bride retorted by flinging the ring to him. She then, turning to the parson, said: "I did not promise to marry Jake. He gave me the ring and I return it to him. I wouldn't marry him if he were the last man under the sun." Jake ran out of the church without picking up the ring, while the ceremony was finished in most approved style, and the young couple left for the groom's home amid much rejoicing.

Not long ago a lady who had returned from Bangkok, Siam, said that she found it exceedingly uncomfortable to walk abroad in the streets of that capital. The natives, and particularly the women, regarded her auburn hair as a curiosity worthy of the closest inspection, and they thronged about her as though she were a freak escaped from some Oriental dime museum. A French lady, who was the first European female to visit the town of Nam dinh, Tonkin, made a great sensation recently when she first appeared in public. The fair sex of the town gathered around, and their comments gave great entertainment to the Europeans who understood them. The ladies regarded the white woman's blue eyes as the height of ugliness. They could not understand the bustle at all, but finally decided that it was a natural deformity, which, however, excited a fire of pleasantries instead of commiseration, and when they saw the young woman take the arm of her husband and walk away, her conduct was regarded as simply scandalous, and there was a chorus of interjections exactly equivalent to our word shocking. Like Leigh Hunt's fish, they thought the sight of a man and woman on the street "linked fin in fin" a most unseemly spectacle.

Wanamaker's.

PHILADELPHIA, April 21, 1889.

Almost *two hundred* styles of the 12½c American Ginghams. Such stripes and plaids! You'll say the Scotchmen have had a hand at them. Nothing in the market better for the money, *that's* sure—more likely it's the other way.

No busier Dress Goods counter in the store than the long stretch where the 6¼c Crepelines are flying out. The fame of them has got over town. *Half* of last season's prices and not a whit behind last season's quality or styles.

These four items of Dress Goods are literally at half prices—every piece imported this season:

Twenty-five cents a yard.

63 varieties of 36-inch Striped Serges, some herringbone weave. The colorings are of every popular sort. Also a very large variety of other styles in the same quality of similar fabrics.

Thirty cents a yard.

48 varieties of 40-inch Bordered Serges also in the popular colorings, and with them a large variety of the same qualities in nearly related styles.

Thirty-five cents a yard.

38 varieties of 40 inch Challis with borders. A most remarkable lot.

66 varieties of 39-inch Striped and Plaid Serges.

Also with them other lots equally fine.

Forty cents a yard.

69 varieties of 39-inch Striped Serges, very superior quality and remarkably choice selection.

When you hear of a Book just published it's almost sure to be already on our New Book table. You're welcome. Or if it isn't handy to come, BOOK NEWS (50c a year) will bring everybody's New-Book table to your home and tell what good judges think of the books.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

Our Young Folks.

LIVIA AND THE BROOCH.

BY S. HAARADEN.

IT WAS THE DAY before the public games in Rome, in the year 123 B. C., and a tall man of magnificent appearance and strength was standing outside the Temple of Hercules, talking to a young girl whose face bore some resemblance to his own. The people passing by looked at them, and said, half aloud, "There stands the gladiator Naevus. I wonder how he will bear himself in the Public Games on the morrow?"

And another man, who was talking eagerly with his companion, stopped when he caught sight of the gladiator (who was a well-know figure in Rome), and said in a loud voice, "That is the man I told you about, Fabricius. A fine fellow, is he not? To-morrow he will fight with the new hero Lucius. And, of course he will be victorious, as usual. If he disappoints my hopes I shall lose a great deal of money."

"You have plenty to spare!" laughed his friend, as they passed on together.

The gladiator did not take the slightest notice of any remarks which were made about him; indeed, it was doubtful whether he heard them, being engaged in earnest conversation with the young girl, his daughter.

"Do not be anxious about me, Marcella," he said, seeing that the tears were falling from her eyes. "I shall be victorious, as I have always been, and then, child, I shall buy your freedom, together with my own, and we shall leave Rome, and return to Sicily."

"Nay, father," she answered, between her sobs, "I never doubted your strength, but my heart is full of fears for you; and yet I am proud when I hear everyone praising you. Last night my master, Claudius gave a great banquet, and when I came to hand around the ewer of rose-water I heard the guests say that Naevus was the strongest and finest gladiator that Rome had ever known. My master Claudius and two of the guests praised the new man Lucius, but the others would not hear a word in his favor.

The gladiator smiled.

"You shall be proud of me to-morrow, Marcella," he said. "I have just been offering up my prayers to the god Hercules; and in the name of Hercules I promise you, child, that I shall conquer the new man Lucius, and that to-morrow's combat shall be my last fight. So you may go home in peace. You look tired, child. Ah! it is a bitter thing to be a slave! But courage, Marcella, a few days more of slavery, and then we shall be free. For this end I have fought in the arena; and this hope has given me strength and skill."

She took from her neck a piece of fine cord to which was attached a fine stone. She put it in his great hand.

"Father," she said pleadingly, "the Greek physician gave this to me. He told me it was an Eastern charm to keep the lives of those who wore it. Will you wear it on the morrow?"

He laughingly assented, and the two walked together as far as the Forum, where they parted.

But Marcella was not proud any more; she was sad. She had had many a dream of freedom, but would gladly give up all chances of realizing the dream, if only to feel that her father's life was not in danger. She would have gladly been a slave ten times over rather than that he should risk his life in those fearful contests.

Marcella, who was a slave in the house of Claudius Flaccus, a great Roman noble, now hastened home to her duties. Her little mistress Livia, Claudius' only daughter, wondered to see her looking so pale and sad.

"Why, you should be glad like I am, Marcella," she cried, as she showed the slave maiden the necklace of pearls that she had just finished stringing. "See, Marcella! I shall wear these to-morrow when we go to the Circus Maximus. And what do you think! My father has promised me a brooch of precious stones if the new gladiator, Lucius, is successful to-morrow. Oh, how I hope he will be!"

Marcella tried to restrain her tears, but it was of no avail. She threw herself on the couch, and buried her face in the soft cushions, and wept as if her heart would break. Her little mistress Livia bent over her, and tried to comfort her.

"Marcella," she whispered, "it was unkind of me to say that. I forgot about your losses. Please forgive me, Marcella, for I do love you, although you are only a slave. And I do not want the brooch; I should not like to wear it now. Please, Marcella, do not cry any more."

The slave raised her head, and smiled through her tears.

"You did not mean to be unkind, dear little mistress," she said, as she kissed the hand which had been caressing her own golden hair. "I am sure you did not mean to be unkind; but I am in great trouble, and I have just said 'Good-bye' to my father, and I can think of no one else but him. When those we love are in danger we cannot help being anxious, can we?"

At that moment the curtains were drawn aside, and Claudius himself came into the beautiful apartment. Livia ran to greet him; she was a child of ten years old, bright and winning in her ways, in beauty and bearing every inch the child of a patrician. She was dressed in soft silk of dark purple.

"I do not want the brooch "she said, as she put up her face to be kissed. "I want Marcella's father to be victorious to-morrow."

Claudius frowned.

"What has Marcella's father got to do with you, little one?" he asked roughly. "Neither he nor she is anything to you, a patrician's daughter. Slaves, both of them! Let me hear no more of them. And as for the brooch, it shall be a handsome one."

But when he had gone Livia turned to the slave, and said,—

"I shall never use that brooch, Marcella."

So the day wore into the night, and all through the night Marcella lay awake, wondering what the morrow would bring forth. When at last she fell asleep she dreamed that she was in the Circus Maximus watching her father, who was fighting with the new gladiator. She saw her father fall. She heard the cries of the populace. She herself, a girl of fourteen summers, sprang up to help him. And then she awoke.

"Ah, it was only a dream!" she cried with a sigh of relief. "Father will win the fight to-morrow, and then he will buy his own freedom and mine too."

It was a beautiful day for the Public Games. People had come from all parts of the country, and the streets of Rome were crowded with all manner of folk.

The Aedile whose duty it was to arrange the Public Games had provided a very costly entertainment, and great excitement prevailed everywhere to know the issue of the contest between the gladiators Naevus and Lucius.

It was a wonderful sight to see the Circus Maximus crowded with the rich and luxurious patrician nobles and ladies and their retinues of slaves, and the poorer classes, all bent on amusing themselves on this public festival.

No doubt, amongst all those masses there were many anxious hearts, but none so anxious as that of the slave girl Marcella. She sat behind her little mistress eagerly expectant.

At last a peal of trumpets and a clash of cymbals, accompanied by some wild kind of music, announced that the performance was about to begin.

The folding doors under the archway were flung open, and the gladiators marched in slowly, two by two.

In all the pride of their strength and bearing they walked once around the arena and then they stopped aside to wait until their turn came. The performance began with some fights between animals; for at the time of which we are speaking the Romans had learnt to love this cruel bloodshed, and learnt to despise the less exciting if more manly, trials of strength in which their ancestors had delighted.

When this part of the cruel amusement was over the trumpets again sounded, and the gladiators made ready for their contest. Then it was that Marcella's heart beat wildly with fear. She saw her father advance together with the other gladiator; she saw their swords flash; she heard the people call out the name of now of Naevus, and now of Lucius; she heard someone near her say—

"He of the red scarf will prove the stronger. Mark my words."

Marcella's father wore the red scarf.

"Nay, nay," answered the speaker's companion. "He of the green scarf will win the day."

It was all that Marcella could do to prevent herself from saying,—

"The gladiator with the red scarf will prove the stronger—he must prove the stronger."

She sat spell-bound, watching for the event of the contest, which had now begun between the two in real earnest. The people encouraged now the one and now the other.

At this moment it seemed probable that the new man, Lucius would be the winner; at that moment the tide had turned in the favor of Naevus. But suddenly there was a loud cry, for Lucius had felled Naevus to the ground, and now stood over him with his sword ready for use, waiting to learn from the populace whether the favorite gladiator was to be spared or killed.

The slave girl Marcella had risen from her seat.

"That is my father," she cried; "spare him—spare him!"

But no one heard or noticed her, and the signal for mercy was not shown; on the contrary, the thumbs of thousands of hands pointed upwards; and that meant that the vanquished man, who had been the hero of so many contests, having now failed of his accustomed valor, was to die.

So Lucius gave him a thrust with his sword, and he died while he was being carried away from the arena.

"You have worn your brooch, little daughter," laughed Claudius, as he bent over and fondled Livia's hair. "And it shall be a costly brooch, worthy of a patrician's daughter."

But Livia's eyes were full of tears.

"I could never wear it," she sobbed; "I should always be thinking of Marcella's father."

Poor Marcella! and she thought the little charm which he had worn for her sake would preserve his life. Ah! it was cruel to think that she would never see him again, and that all their hopes of freedom and their plans for the future had ended. Well might she weep.

That was hundreds of years ago, you know, but still the same story goes on, and all through the centuries sorrow comes to us, just as we think we are grasping happiness, and we have to be brave and bear that sorrow.

But sometimes we are helped by friends, even as Livia helped Marcella. For she did help her; she loved her as a sister, and treated her as such.

And as time went on the little patrician lady claimed a gift from her father Claudius, a gift which was far more costly than any brooch—it was the freedom of the Sicilian slave Marcella, the gladiator's daughter.

EGYPTIAN STOCKINGS.—The Egyptians of the present—Copts as well as Arabs—run about with bare feet. The ancient Egyptians, on the contrary, who are now only to be seen in a dried condition in museums, possessed a very good method of knitting stockings, as is shown in the collection at the Louvre, in Paris.

In the grave of a mummy there was found a pair of knitted stockings, which gave the surprising evidence, firstly, that short stockings, resembling socks, were worn by the ancient Egyptians; and secondly, that the art of knitting stockings had already attained great perfection in ancient Egypt.

These curious stockings are knitted in a very clever manner, and the material, fine wool of sheep, that might once have been white, is now brown with age. The needles with which the work was done must have been a little thicker than we should choose for the same purpose, and the knitting is loose and elastic. The stocking is begun just as we make the design, only in the simplest manner, with single thread; but in the continuation of the work it is not simply plain, but fanciful.

The usual border of the stocking, which prevents the rolling up of the work, is narrow, consisting of a row of turned-up loops, and the circle, the nicely-shaped heel, which is a little different from our method, show a very skilful hand.

But in the point of the stocking there is a characteristic difference between the Egyptian stockings and modern socks. While ours end in a rounded point, the Egyptian stockings run out in two large tubes of equal width, like the fingers of a glove.

This strange shape is made to suit the sandals, which are furnished with a strap fastened about the middle of the sandal; and as the strap had to be laid over the stocking the division is needed.

LACQUER FOR SHIPS.—The uses to which the Japanese put the lacquer for which their country is celebrated are very numerous both from an artistic and an industrial point of view. High class artistic work is most expensive, and only rich people can afford to indulge in it, the older work especially being highly prized.

For domestic and industrial purposes the formations transformations which can be worked on paper and wood by the application of lacquer are very wonderful, and render it most indispensible for ordinary use.

Some few years ago the Japanese government decided on lacquering the bottoms of all their iron ships, and the results proved that corrosion was most effectively prevented, but the process does not seem to have been applied to any foreign ship until about two years ago, when the attention of the captain of a Russian frigate was directed to it, and lacquer was applied both to the iron and zinc parts of the bottom. To the latter it was found that the adhesion of lacquer was very slight, but on the iron or rather steel, it was found that it was in an extraordinary good state of preservation, so much so much so that it could not be stripped off except by being scraped with a sharp instrument, and from the experience thus gained it was decided to substitute iron on the part where zinc had been used.

AFTER A LICENSE.—"Where is the clerk who issues marriage licenses?" demanded a middle-aged, buxom woman recently, stepping up to the railing in the office of the clerk of the district court. "Where is the clerk? We want a license and we want it quick, too."

"Yes, we want it quick," echoed a young man who followed the woman in, in much the same fashion as a child would follow its mother when she was leading the way to some place he was afraid to go alone.

License Clerk Johnson was on his feet in a second, ready to issue a dozen licenses, if necessary. The couple began conversing with him, and he finally asked the prospective husband:

"Don't you think married life is something of a failure, after all?"

Before the blushing youth could reply the woman who, by the way appeared about fifteen years his senior, brushed him aside, and raising her voice a few octaves, replied:

"Young man, don't you go and poke any fun at us. I have been married before, and can say from personal experience that marriage is not a failure."

"Marriage is not a failure," came the echo again.

"You keep quiet," snapped the woman, turning to her escort. "I know all the ropes, and I'll get this license and do all of the talking necessary."

The young man subsided, and after his soon-to-be bride had paid for the license, followed her meekly out, like a lamb being led to the slaughter.

MANUFACTURE OF GLASS EYES.—A German paper makes the astounding statement that more than 2,000,000 glass eyes are made every year in Germany and Switzerland, while one French house manufactures 300,000 of them annually. The pupil is made of colored glass, and sometimes red lines are painted on the inner surface to simulate the veins. The largest number of these eyes are bought by laborers, who are exposed to fire and are consequently liable to lose an eye. An artificial eye rarely lasts more than five years, as the secretions of the lachrymal glands cloud the surface of the glass. Dr. Magnus has pointed out that the expression of the eyes is almost solely due to the movement of the upper eyelids, and this is the reason that we may see a man with a glass eye a hundred times before we discover his infirmity.

THE RING GAME.—All present must leave the room with the exception of one person, who then places a thick gold lady's or gentleman's ring in some fairly conspicuous place. On the entrance of the others, the object is to find the ring, but instead of exclaiming when they see it, each person that does so quickly sits down without speaking. The last person to find the ring, or the one who cannot do so, has to pay a forfeit or fine, or whatever may be previously settled, and to be the next person to hide the ring. Brass or gilt candlesticks, clocks, brackets, &c., are good places on which to place the ring, and the game may be likewise played with a thimble. It is droll to see those who have perceived the ring quietly sitting down, and the eagerness and despair of those who fail to see where it is.

HIS INTENTIONS WERE NOT BAD.—"Sir," she said, leaning across the car, with cheeks aflame and an angry sparkle in her eyes "you are impertinent."

"Ma'am?"

"You are no gentleman, sir."

"I don't understand, ma'am."

"Yes, you do. I've ridden nine blocks, and every time I look your way you smirk and smile. You better believe I'm not that kind," she added, taking in the rest of the car.

"Madame," he said sadly, "I wish to heaven I could help smiling at you. I have St. Vitus's Dance. If it annoys you," he added apologetically, "I'll smile out of the window."

LOVE.

BY GERMAN.

The sun that kisses flower and tree,
That smiles on stones and weeds and dust;
The rain that from high heaven falls
Alike on wicked and on just.

The flowers which send their sweetness forth
Unsparingly; the birds which sing
About the garden's pleasant paths
Alike of cottager and king—

All make me love you more and more,
As seeing in their generous gift
The same unstinted, royal love,
Which you above the rest doth lift.

Making a light about you shine,
And odorous perfumes breathe round you;
Which gives your touch a healing power,
And strange, sweet charm to all you do.

Which wraps about your quiet life
With melodies and sweetest rest;
Ah, dearest, you should happy be
If those are happiest who love best.

JOGIS AND JOGAISM.

The Jogis of India are one of the classes that most strike the European visitor, and usually with loathing and pity. In some respects the Jogi is analogous to the Christian anchorite of the Middle Ages; but there is a difference. The Christian anchorite sought seclusion from the world in order to humble himself, oppressed with a feeling of unworthiness; the Indian fanatic rather seeks to exalt himself by his privations, and to make profit out of bodily suffering.

Without entering here into the complex subject of Caste, it may be said that Siva worship is one of the two chief religions of India. Siva is at once the Destroyer and Reproducer, and his worshippers are divided into thirteen chief sects, one of which is the class of devotees called Jogis, which includes a great variety of fanatics, from the speechless mystic to the travelling juggler. Siva is the least attractive of the Hindu deities, and is, indeed, rather a repulsive, dreadful sort of a being, so that he is worshipped more probably through fear than love. Most of the Siva sects are ascetics.

The Jogis are a class of religious mendicants—the name signifying "one who meditates." Among Hindus, meditation is considered as the most sacred of religious duties. Jogis profess to be descended from men who, in old times, had great influence with the people.

In the Hindu Scriptures various methods are taught by which a state of perfection is to be attained by concentrating attention, until the spirit of man becomes at one with the Supreme Spirit. There are eighty four different postures prescribed, in which a Jogi may sit, to fix his eye on the tip of his nose and meditate on Siva.

When the condition of complete abstraction is reached, then the Scriptures describe how the Jogis will be able to make themselves lighter than the lightest, and heavier than the heaviest substances; to magnify or lessen their forms at will; to instantaneously traverse immense distances; to reanimate corpses by breathing their own spirit into them; to render themselves invisible; and to know the past, present, and future at a glance.

Such are the Jogis in the abstract. Let us take a look at some of them as they are in the concrete.

The visitor to India will find his views on Jogaism apt to be greatly confused by the variety of types he may come across. He may find the well nourished and worldly wise saints encamped in the neighborhood of a town or large village, doing a thriving business by exchanging presents with the ignorant tradespeople—the exchange being pretty much like old lamps for new—that is to say, the advantage of the exchange always being with the Jogi.

The sanctified trifles bestowed by the saints, however, are treasured in countless households, where their beatific influence is never doubted. A flower, a mango, a piece of cocoanut—anything bestowed by a Jogi of eminence in his profession, will bring good fortune to the recipient; act as a charm against evil, and a talisman against sickness.

It this class does not impress the European favorably, he is not likely to be drawn by the ex reme fanatics—the living skeletons who go about almost naked, save for the layers of dirt and ashes with which they are encrusted. The traveller may, perhaps, see one seated in the midst of five fierce fires; four burning around him and the sun beating directly upon him. Or he may see another standing in some out of the-way place, with uplifted rigid arm, constantly erect; or another with hands so tightly closed that the nails have penetrated the flesh, and will never be extricated in life.

These are not pleasant pictures; but yet if the Jogis do exceed the Christian anchorites in ingenuity and patience of self-torture, it is to be remembered that in the eyes of devout Hindus, they are both saints and philosophers. There is a disposition among educated Hindus to reject the extensions of the Jogis; but it is not so much through disbelief in the reality of "Jog science," as in the ability of degenerate man to act up to it.

But the teeming millions of ignorant Hindus have an unfaltering faith in the power of the Jogi, and a profound veneration for him largely blended with fear.

But, as Professor Oman of Lahore says in a recent work on Indian life, let us not turn away from the Jogi with contemptuous indifference on account of his preposterous pretensions. Naked, emaciated, and covered with ashes though he may be, he represents an important idea. In the grovelling world of polytheistic India, he stands forth a bold and ever-present asserter of man's inherent dignity and exalted position in the universe.

Before the multitude cowering in abject terror at the altars of hideous and terrible idols, he appears as an embodiment of the belief that man, even though he be degraded and trammelled by his fleshly garment, can, by his own exertions, raise himself to divine heights of knowledge and power.

The Jogi is also highly interesting as a living exemplification of the attitude, since time immemorial, of the Indian mind towards life and Nature; of the world-weariness which has oppressed the East since ages before the dawn of European history, and has caused her sons to fly from the struggles and pleasures of life to the quiet retreat of a jungle, and to seek, in a living death, an escape from the disquieting, and, to them, unbearable activity of thought itself.

As for the ethical system of the Jogi, that, as Professor Oman explains, is simple enough. He does not seem to have any duties at all to his fellow-men, although he is required to abstain from certain vices. His object in life is to withdraw as far as possible from human society, its business, troubles, and aspirations, and to deliberately suppress every human faculty he possesses. The world may go as it pleases while the Jogi tries to lose himself in the Universal Spirit. He shuts his eyes to the sensible world around him, and expects to receive universal knowledge from idle self-contemplation.

Grains of Gold.

The deeper the sorrow the less tongue it has.

The hand of Law strikes the poor; its shadow strikes the wealthy.

Mistaking taste for genius is the rock upon which thousands split.

Would that experience had a soul which remembered the tears it has cost.

Temperance is a bridle of gold; he who uses it rightly is more like a god than a man.

Don't fret about what your reputation will be after death. Tombstones are mighty charitable.

There are four varieties in society,—the lovers, the ambitious, observers and fools. The fools are happiest.

The worst "might have beens" are those that we ourselves have thrust aside, or changes, or passed unheeded.

Let us be of good cheer, however, remembering that the misfortunes hardest to bear are those which never come.

It is neccessary to love one's friends as true amateurs love pictures; they fix their eyes upon the good points and see nothing else.

If men had only temptations to great sins, they would always be good; but the daily fight with little ones accustoms them to defeat.

The Samaritan who rescues you, most likely, has been robbed and has bled in his day, and it is a wounded arm that bandages yours when bleeding.

To be conscious of the vigor to do great things, to scale the walls of paradise, and to have to spend it in a struggle for bread and water and rags and a garret,—ah, that is martyrdom.

Solitude has but one disadvantage,—it is apt to give one too high an opinion of one's self. In the world we are sure to be often reminded of every known or supposed defect that we have.

Femininities.

The Duchess of Fife has a great reputation for making bread.

How beautiful are the feet of her that bringeth in a good dinner.

The friendship of two women is only a plot against a third woman.

God intended for women two preventives against sin—modesty and remorse.

By the way, it is supposed that a hen lays an egg because she can't stand it on end.

In the forming of female friendships beauty seldom recommends one woman to another.

A cold is a good deal like a horse car. A man can always catch one when he doesn't want it.

The latest parasol has a hollow handle, which serves as a receptacle for hair pins and such like.

Eminent physicians say that it hurts a child to waken it up, and that it should sleep until it wakens itself.

It is said that no man can arrest the flight of Time, but who is there who is not able to stop a minute?

Women should be doubly careful of their conduct, since appearances often injure them as much as faults.

A young man chanced to say: "I am no prophet." A spiteful girl added: "True; no profit to yourself or any one else."

A fan made of human hair is displayed at a London store. Even what appears to be beautiful lace fringing the sticks is real hair.

Hobbs, interested in mind reading: "Don't you think some men have six senses, my dear?" Mrs. Hobbs: "No, nor five either."

The management of the Court Theatre at Vienna has decreed that hereafter no women who are over 45 years old shall be engaged for the ballet.

It seems to me that a truly lovable woman is thereby unfitted for friendship, and that a woman fitted for friendship is but little fitted for love.

The facetious father of a pair of twin babies complained that although they filled the house with music he could not tell one heir from another.

Citizen, summer of 1890: "Glass of lemonade, please." Vender: "Certainly. How will you have it? With ice, ten cents; without ice, three cents."

An educated, accomplished young lady of Petosky, Mich., has split 20 cords of wood with her own hands, and has piled it neatly to season for summer use.

A preacher once said that ladies were very timid. They were afraid to sing when they were asked; afraid of taking cold; afraid of snails or spiders—but he never knew one afraid to get married.

A minister in a certain town, having published the banns between two persons, was followed by the clerk's reading the hymn beginning with these words, "Mistaken souls, who dream of Heaven."

Landlady: "That new boarder needn't try to make me think he is a bachelor. He's either married or a widower." Millings: "How can you tell?" Landlady: "He always turns his back to me when he opens his pocketbook to pay me his board."

Jimmy: "Where are you going to day, Jack? Let's go fishin'." Jack: "I'm going to school, ain't you?" Jimmy: "Yes, but the teacher will dismiss us all the same. Mikey Hooley has got two mice in his pocket, and he's goin' to let 'em out on the floor."

Jon Coleman, a farmer living near Fort Dodge, Iowa, was arrested one day recently for fast driving. Afterwards it was discovered that Coleman was hastening to town to get a doctor for his dying wife, and he was released. When he arrived home his wife was dead.

A Bridgewoman in Norwich Conn., who disappeared, leaving behind a note saying that she intended drowning herself, has returned home, and explains that she went away for no other purpose than to create a sensation, and see for herself how deep was the affection of her friends for her.

A Spaniard is responsible for the assertion that "A woman's advice is never of any use, but, unless you follow it, she will rail at you as a fool." Brutal is the Frenchman who tells us that "A man who has a wife has a plague," and that "A man of straw is worth two women of gold."

An innovation at funerals lately is silk skull caps, to be worn by the minister in charge and the bearers at the grave, also by the male members of the family. The caps are put on in the carriages and the ordinary hats left there, the caps to be worn all the time at the grave. It will prevent many colds.

If you, young woman, wish to be extremely smart, hasten to buy one, two or a half dozen, as your purse permits, of those very swagger English shirts. Ladies are hesitating a bit over them, but it's no use. They are bound to go, and go tremendously when once started. Therefore get one before your other dear five hundred friends get the start of you.

According to an Australian writer, the average young man in that part of the world walks up to a woman at a ball, and saying, "Let me see your programme," proceeds to write in his own name wherever he sees a dance that pleases him, without so much as consulting the woman's wishes at all. He never says "Please" or "Thank you," and becomes irritable if the woman hesitates to hand over her programme at the first demand.

A Chicago upholsterer, in repairing an old sofa that had been brought to his shop, found the following articles, which had slipped down between the back and the cushion: Forty-seven hairpins, 3 moustache combs, 19 suspender buttons, 13 needles, 8 cigarettes, 4 photographs, 217 pins, some cloves, 27 coat buttons, 2 pocket knives, 15 poker chips, a vial of some patent medicine, 3 lumps of chewing gum, 20 toothpicks, 25 matches and 4 button hooks.

Masculinities.

Pittsburg has an 11 year old thief under arrest.

Sophistry is only fit to make men more conceited in their ignorance.

The gentleman is solid mahogany; the fashionable man is only veneer.

Only one thing melts faster than money, and that is the resolution not to spend it.

The only secret that a woman should keep from her husband is that she manages him.

It may be wise to think twice before speaking, but it is a sign that you are getting old.

The most sacred things we have in this world often turn out to be only varieties of selfishness.

An honest man will regret that he is not as good as a woman, instead of pretending that he is better.

The man is not wise who tries to induce one woman to be kind to another on the ground that she is young.

When a man is fortunate in business he attributes the fact to his ability. When he is unfortunate he bewails his bad luck.

At Edgeton, Kansas, women have been elected to fill the offices of mayor and police judge, and they control the city council.

The man who threatens to commit suicide when he is in low spirits is a safe enough venture for a life insurance company.

When we see people doing wrong we say that we hope that they will not be punished for it, but we never mean what we say.

Experience and philosophy which do not end in charity and indulgence are two acquisitions which are not worth what they cost.

One of my friends, who is very lazy, said: "It is useless to learn anything during life, since we are to know everything after death."

Thompson, after a dubious whiff: "Didn't you say, Brown, that these cigars were two for a quarter?" Brown, puffing joyously: "Yes; I'm smoking the 20-cent one."

Heavy suppers at night are barbarous anyhow. They remind one of the way people used to act in the Viking age. Suppers at all parties and balls ought to be very light.

A young man advertises for a place as salesman, and says he has had a good deal of experience, having been discharged from seven different wholesale houses within a year.

A wrong is unredressed when retribution overtakes its redresser. It is equally unredressed when the avenger fails to make himself felt as such to him who has done the wrong.

Viscount Hampden, ex Speaker of the British House of Commons, has gone into trade as a retail dealer in provisions. The eggs and the butter he sells are all stamped with a coronet and a letter "H."

Miss F.: "Why, what is the matter with little Mabel?" Ethel, whose father has just made his third matrimonial venture: "Oh, never mind her. She always cries that way when papa gets married."

Ex King Milan of Servia is the most reckless gambler now in Paris. He will bet on anything. He pays $6 000 a year house rent and buys a great deal of jewelry. What becomes of it nobody knows.

An editor in Georgia has this notice pasted in his office: "Strangers calling on the editor during his absence from the office will please leave their cards. Candidates for the Legislature must leave their cash."

A man named Oscar Harden, of Pike county, Ga., some time ago killed his bride of a few months by a pistol shot. He has made a confession that he shot at her three times because "he didn't think he could hit her."

Dr Pille: "You've been working like a hero, doctor, to save young Starvely's life. And he is as poor as Job's turkey, too!" Dr. Hackem: "That's just it. He owes me $75 already on my bill, and if he dies I won't get a cent."

"It is a very awkward thing for me that your wife should have read my last letter to you. Didn't you tell me once that she never read your letters?" As a rule she never does, but you were silly enough to mark the last one 'Private!'"

Physician: "I fear you have been keeping yourself too closely confined. You should go out more. Take a constitutional every morning before breakfast." Colonel Livelnigh: "I always do, doctor, two of 'em, and never less than three fingers."

Villains are usually the worst casuists, and rush into greater crime to avoid less. Henry VIII. committed murder to avoid the imputation of adultery: and in our time those who commit the latter crime attempt to wash off the stain of seducing the wife by signifying their readiness to shoot the husband.

A miserly bachelor who died recently at Newton, Conn., could not bear the idea of leaving his wealth behind him, but when he found he was obliged to do so, he willed the property so that no one can spend it for 21 years. At the end of this time it will go to his brother's grandchildren. The estate is valued at $100,000. It is told of the deceased that he once walked from New York to Newton to save the fare, and during his entire lifetime denied himself everything but actual necessaries in order to accumulate a fortune.

As two merchants were returning lately in a carriage to Hartield from the Hungarian-Galician frontier, they were attacked by a pack of nine wolves, the leader of which was shot as soon as he leaped on one of the carriage horses. The remaining eight, far from being frightened off, furiously pursued the travelers, who managed to shoot two more of the howling animals. Just as the horses began to slacken their pace through loss of blood and fatigue, five hunters hove in sight from a neighboring field and quickly despatched the rest of the pursuing pack.

Recent Book Issues.

"The Exiles," just published by T. B. Peterson & Brother, this city, is a Russian love story of great power and originality. The scene is lain in Siberia, just now a point of unusual interest because of the hosts of Nihilists being sent into exile there by the new Czar.

Frank R. Stockton's story, "The Great War Syndicate," is now published in book form by Dodd, Mead, & Co., New York, with a singular compliment to his English readers—its spelling is Anglican, harbour for harbor, favour, for favor, etc. The novelty of this story consists in its account of a war conducted on business principles—carried on by contract by a great syndicate. It is full of the dry humor and witty method for which this author is famous, and makes very interesting reading. For sale by Lippincott.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

Nine numbers of the magnificent new pictoral weekly, *The Illustrated American* have now been issued. The first was such a splendid combination of literary and illustrated features we hardly thought it likely it would keep up to such a high standard, and forebore notice of it. But the succeeding issues are, if possible, better than the first, and the weekly seems to have come to stay. No limited description can do the art and literary beauty of *The Illustrated American* full justice. With each issue is given a grand fac-simile in colors of some famous painting that in itself is worth the twenty-five cents charged for the paper. Published at New York.

CAUSE FOR SADNESS.—"You look a trifle doleful to-night," said one of a group of gentlemen to another while all were sitting together one evening.

"Well," said the gentleman addressed, "I have as good a right to look doleful to-night as any man I know of."

"What's up?" asked the other members of the group in a chorus.

"It was this way. You know I am an ardent bicyclist, and I have a boy who has the same passion. This evening just after dark, as I was walking down the road to come here, I was hit in the back by what seemed a railway engine and knocked sprawling into the ditch. It was muddy there, and when I collected my scattered senses I was all covered with dirt and also very angry. I looked round to see what hit me—thinking that perhaps in my abstraction had walked on the railway line somewhere—and found a young man and a safety bicycle on the path all tangled up together. I was very cross, as I said before, and without stopping to think what I did I took that young man by the coat collar and kicked him off the path. Then I jumped on the bicycle, stamped all the spokes out of the wheels, and generally disfigured it."

Here the gentleman stopped, and one of his little audience said,—

"Well, why should that make you feel as you do? You did just the right thing."

"I suppose I ought not to feel so," said the speaker, "but the fact is, it was my boy on my bicycle."

TEACHING HIM HOW TO DO IT.—One Sunday morning when everybody had gone to church, a traveller undertook to show the landlord how to draw three different sorts of wine from one cask.

The two went down into the cellar, and the stranger bored a hole in the barrel, over which he asked the landlord to place his thumb; he then bored a second hole, which mine host had to stop up with his other thumb. He had set towork on the third, when it apparently struck him that the landlord would not be equal to the task of stopping that also, and he ran out of the cellar to fetch a tap.

He never returned, and the innkeeper had to wait by the side of his cask until the folk had come out of church. The rogue had by that time decamped without paying his bill.

JUST as perfect and well-earned rest and sleep repair the waste of the body and restore the tone and power of the system, so the quiet hour of solitude may to the earnest heart and the loving soul bring renewed powers and reinvigorated faculties with which again to go forth on errands of good to mankind.

Prudery is the innocence of the vicious—external sanctity assumed as a cover to internal laxity.

AN AGGRAVATING SORE THROAT is soon relieved by Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant, an old-time remedy for Bronchial and Pulmonary Affections.

SURNAMES.

IN THE early days of the world's history people were content with one name, such as Homer and Hesiod, but by-and-by, as the population grew larger, there came to be many Homers and Hesiods to be distinguished one from the other. Then they were defined as Homer, son of Hesiod, or as Homer the Tanner, or whatever his calling might be; or as Homer who lived by the Mill; until these additions worked themselves into the name itself. Centuries after, certain English folk became Richardson and Williamson, Taylor, Turner, or Smith, 'from the smith that forgeth in the fire," or Seton and similar cognomens, the original word being Sey, but the family becoming possessed of certain lands in Scotland, it was corrupted to Sey's town, or the inhabitation of Sey, and in time Seton. Our names "teem with the story of our lives," you see!

The Norman Conquest brought a flood of new names to England, names of the noblest and most distinguished families of our day, and "familiar in our mouths as household words."

I will turn to some of the ducal houses. The Dukes of Hamilton are said to be descended from William de Hamildon, son of Robert de Bellemont, fifth Earl of Leicester. The Dukes of Westminster derive their family name of Grosvenor from the office they held in the Norman Court—Le Grosvenour, or huntsman. The Dukes of Ormond are Butlers because Henry II bestowed the Chief Butlerage of Ireland on their ancestor. The title was attained, and is now represented only by a marquisate.

But there are higher names even than dukes. The Plantagents were so called from the bunch of heather (*Planta Genesta*) they wore on their hemlets; and the Stuarts, because Walter, High Steward of Scotland, married the daughter and heiress of Robert Bruce, he was called Le Stuart, hence the corruption. The bride's dower was the Barony of Raths, Terre de Maths, subsequently corrupted to Marjoribanks, another well-known family.

This study of names opens out a wide field of investigation. The Cualoners are so called because their ancestor, Le Seigneur de Chalons, came over with William of Normandy; the Rokebys from Le Seigneur de Rochefort, which in time became Rochford, and then Rokeby; the Sacheverells were originally Saint-de-Chevren; the Godfreys derive their name from the Count of Anjou, who was husband to the Empress Maud.

The Stubs were once St. Aubyns, and earlier Saint Oben. You will agree with me, time has dealt harshly with them, Grace, on the contrary, has improved with time, the original name being Le Gros or Le Gras. The Thynnes, among them the Marquis of Bath, derive their patronymic from John o' th' Inne, who lived in one of the Inns of Court. The familiar name of Turner comes from Le Seigneur de la Tour Noire—Lord of the Black Tower. So much for the Normans.

The period 1580 to 1620 recalls some of the most curious names, for which we have to thank the Puritans.

"O my lord
The times and titles now are altered strangely."

There were few Scripture names at the Conquest. In the course of generations Simon, Peter, John, Thomas, etc., abounded. A Puritan incumbent, in Sussex, baptized his two children "Fear Not" and "Much Mercy." Faith, Hope and Charity were bestowed on a triplet born together. Love-Harmony, Clemency, Prudence, and Patience were by no means uncommon; their owners fared better than a certain Lamentation Chapman, often quoted in the Cromwellian days, or Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, Ichabod, or Dust and Ashes. Even more quaint were such names as "Sorry-for-Sin," and "Faint Heart." Surely those who bore them must have thought there was much in a name—too much, I fear.

These were Christian names, but some in time originated surnames, and the two were so intimately associated that their story come to be told together. The Romans bore usually three names—the pronomen, like our baptismal one; the second denoting the gens; the third, or cognomen, like our hereditary name—Marcus Tullius Cicero, viz., a member of the Cicero family which belongs to the gens Tullia. In Saxon and Celtic times there was but one name.

When baptismal ones were first introduced, they could be changed at confirmation; the youngest son of Catherine de Medicis only took the name of Francis at the second religious rite. It would merely confuse social life more at present.

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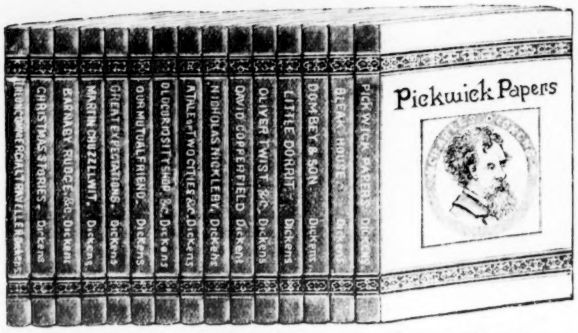

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The Saturday Evening Post,

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TO PLAY MUSIC WITHOUT STUDY!

This Can Be Done by Means of the

INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE to the PIANO or ORGAN.

Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called, or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY, correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys. Thus the player has the full effect of the bass and treble clefs, together with the power of making correct and harmonious chords in accompaniments. It must be plainly understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book, and without previously needing to know the difference between A or G, a half-note or a quarter-note, a sharp or a flat. The Guide is placed on the Instrument, and the player, without reference to anything but what he is shown by it to do, can in a few moments play the piece accurately and without the least trouble. Although it does not and never can supplant regular books of study, it will be of incalculable assistance to the player by "ear" and all others who are their own instructors. By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

The Guide, we repeat, will not learn how to read the common sheet music. But it will teach those who cannot spend years learning an instrument, how to learn a number of tunes without EITHER PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OR STUDY. A child if it can say its A, B, C's and knows a tune—say "The Sweet Bye and Bye"—can play it, after a few attempts, quite well. There are many who would like to be able to do this, for their own and the amusement of others, and to such we commend The Guide as BOUND TO DO for them ALL WE SAY. Its cheapness and usefulness, moreover, would make it a very good present to give a person, whether young or old, at Christmas. Almost every home in the land has a piano, organ or melodeon, whereon seldom more than one of the family can play. With this Guide in the house everybody can make more or less good use of their instruments.

The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS. (Postage stamps, 2's, taken.) For Ten Cents extra a music book, containing the words and music for 100 popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address

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Humorous.

THE MISSES.

Though in this world I've met with strife,
I've learned what true domestic bliss is,
But half the sorrows of my life
Have come to me through certain Misses.

Although in this 'tis not my plan
The single gentle sex to censure,
'Tis true my troubles first began
All through a certain Miss Adventure.

My way in life I sought to make,
And get a start by frugal living,
But lost it all through a Miss Take,
Though I was warned by a Miss Giving.

And when a pretty maid I wooed,
I studied courtship as a science,
But fear my love was Miss Construed,
Because she feared a Miss Alliance.

Then to Miss Chance I was a dupe,
Miss Trust my every step pursuing,
And if I e'er got in the "soup"
'Twas some that Miss Chief had been brewing.

The Miss that next brought me to grief—
I fear her name was a Miss Nomer—
Was called Miss Fortune who, the thief,
Left me when short of cash, a roamer.

I gave the gossips many a topic
Who saw my pains to wed Miss Carry,
And lest I should get Miss An Thropic,
I fled with Miss Ery to marry.

Now since I've settled down in life,
Less in Miss Hap have I confided,
For who is guided by a wife
Is not so apt to be Miss Guided.

—U. N. NONE.

An old flame—The light of other days.

A two-foot rule—Stand on your own pins.

Crows have one virtue at least. They are devotedly attached to their caws.

Dolly: "Have you ever seen a mistletoe bow?" Cumso: "No; but I've seen a peanut stand."

It's the man without much mind who always "has a mind to do" something and never does it.

"You can't eat your dinner and have it, too," said the sympathetic steward to the seasick passenger.

Wife: "You loved me before we were married," Hubby: "Well, it's your turn to love me now, isn't it?"

In the matrimonial market it doesn't make so much difference about a girl's complexion if her income is only fair.

"It is wonderful," said Spriggs to Jones. "What?" "The number of holes a porous plaster factory can use up in a year."

Tramp, complainingly: "These sausages are doggone tough, madam." Housewife, grimly: "Yes, we used up the toughest dog we had to make 'em."

Mrs. B.: "Here's an account of a man who loses his fortune and then his wife." Mr. B.: "Yes, there's a silver lining to almost every cloud, my dear."

She: "But why is Miss C. wearing black?" He: "She is mourning for her husband." She: "Why, she never had a husband." He: "No; that is why she mourns."

"I feel sick at heart," said the rejected lover, as he leaned upon the railing of the steamer. "I'm with you," remarked a fellow-passenger, "only mine is further down."

"Mr. Prettyboy has been pressing me to a song," said Miss Sweetlips, as she rose from the sofa and came forward to the piano. And then she wondered why she blushed and everybody smiled.

A case of word decapitation. My first is a term used in denoting educational grades; my second is the most attractive creature in creation; my third is a dude. What is the word? Why, "class," of course.

"I tell you what it is, Mehitable," he said, as he handed her half a dozen peanuts out of the bag from which he had been munching during the first act, "when a man is a hog he will show himself a hog." "That's the truth, Lige," she replied.

"Did the prisoner at the bar strike you in the altercation?" asked the lawyer. "No, sar, boss," replied the dusky prosecutor. "He biffed me right behine de lef' year. Ef yo'll jes' lean ober a little ways I kin sho' yo' de zact spot." The lawyer didn't lean.

Doctor to Gilbert, aged four: "Put your tongue out, dear." Sick Gilbert, feebly protruded the tip of his tongue. Doctor: "No, no; put it right out." The little fellow shook his head weakly and tears gathered in his eyes. "I can't, doctor; it's fastened on to me."

Law examination. Professor: "You are aware that in certain cases the mother can be guardian of her children, provided she is of age. Now, can a grandmother also be guardian?" Student: "Yes, sir." Professor: "Under what conditions?" "Provided she is of age."

Freddy: "Ma, whenever pa meets Dr. Vandel he always says to him, 'How are you, old hoss!' What does he mean by that?" Ma: "Oh, it's nothing more than a term to express thorough familiarity." Uncle Josh: "May be; but I rather think he calls the doctor 'old hoss' because he is such a famous charger."

Is there any reason why Mothers prefer the Ferris "Good Sense" corset waist for themselves and their children? Please examine one of the "Good Sense" waists and compare it with any other that is offered to you, and you will not need any salesman to tell you why it is the best. Its merit is manifest.

A MAD KING.—One of the saddest spectacles which it is possible to conceive is that presented by the prisoner of Furstenried, the mad king of Bavaria.

Tall, and almost as gigantic in stature as his brother, the late King Ludwig, his appearance is sufficient to startle anyone who sees him for the first time. His hair is long and unkempt, and his bushy brown beard reaches down below his waist. There is a kind of weird, wild look in his eyes, the gaze of which remains steadfastly fixed straight ahead into empty space.

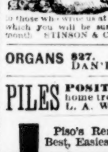
The only person who can succeed in bringing a gleam of intelligence to his face is an elderly lady who was his nursery governess when he was a child, and who now has become one of the principal members of his household.

She is the only one who is permitted to speak to him, everybody else being under strict orders not to address a single word to him, or to take the slightest notice of him when he walks about the park. He is invariably dressed in black broadcloth.

All day long, except when overcome by one of his bi-weekly or tri-weekly fits of apathy, he will puff away at cigarettes, of which, it is said, he smokes almost a hundred a day. His consumption of matches is still greater, for whenever he lights a fresh cigarette he delights in burning up the entire box of lucifers, and in seeing the whole bundle blaze up at once.

SOCIETY AND SOLITUDE.—There can be no adequate comparison between society and solitude—though most persons will prefer the former, and a few perhaps the latter, no wise person will choose either as a permanent state. It is together, or rather in alternate action, that both yield their richest benefit. Society stimulates the thoughts, invigorates the purpose, gladdens the heart, and brightens life. Solitude strengthens, confirms, and matures all these results. Or rather this is what each may do for him who uses them aright.

A KNOXVILLE barber shaved a man recently who resides in the Smoky Mountains and whose beard had been growing since the battle of Chickamauga. The man, whose name is Harmer, was in the Confederate army and shaved the day before the battle and had not shaved since. He said he got tired wearing so much hair and wanted it removed.



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Radway's Ready Relief a Cure for Every Pain, Sprains, Bruises, Pains in the Back, Chest or Limbs. It was the First and is the Only

PAIN REMEDY.

That instantly stops the excruciating pains, allays inflammation and cures Congestion, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs by one application. It seized with threatened

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Or any inflammation of the internal organs or mucous membranes, after exposure to cold, wet, &c., lose no time, but apply Radway's Relief on a piece of flannel over the part affected with congestion or inflammation, which will in nearly every case check the inflammation and cure the patient, by its action of counter-irritation and by equalizing the circulation in the part. For further instruction see our "directions" wrapped around the bottle.

A teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Flatulency and all internal pain.

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For the Cure of all Chronic Diseases.

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Syphilitic Complaints, etc., (see our book on Venereal, &c.; price Seventy-five cents). Glandular Swelling, Tumors, Bronchitis, Consumption, Diabetes, Kidney, Bladder, Liver Complaints, etc.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicines than any other preparation. Taken in teaspoonful doses, while others require five or six times as much. Sold by druggists. Price, $1

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The Great Liver and Stomach Remedy

For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Costiveness, Indigestion, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.

Price 25 cts per box. Sold by all druggists.

PERFECT DIGESTION will be accomplished by taking Radway's Pills. By so doing Sick Headache, Dyspepsia, Foul Stomach, Biliousness, will be avoided, and the food that is eaten contribute its nourishing properties for the support of the natural waste of the body.

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DR. RADWAY'S PILLS are a cure for this complaint. They restore strength to the stomach, and enable it to perform its functions. The symptoms of Dyspepsia disappear, and with them the liability of the system to contract diseases. Take the medicine according to directions, and observe what we say in it also and Truth" respecting diet. A few extracts from the many letters we are constantly receiving:

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Dr. Thos. J. Jones, Montague, Texas: Has used them for over twenty years, and never failed with them in Malaria.

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Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEE AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also Dollard's Regenerative Cream, to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER,
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov. 20, '86. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

TO MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut st., Phila.

I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and beautiful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS,
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA.

I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, or Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for nearly a year of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best Wash I have ever used.

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I have used constantly for more than twenty-five years, "Dollard's Herbanium," for removing dandruff and dressing my hair, also for the relief of nervous headaches. I have found it a delightful article for the toilet, and cheerfully testify to the virtues claimed for it. I would not be without it.

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$230 A MONTH. Agents Wanted. Address S. A. MARSH, Detroit, Mich.

Latest Fashion Phases.

The newest spring coats are noticeable for their increased length, and the close, cuirass-like fit over the hips. Large pocket flaps and square-cornered lapel are still liked, but coats with a single lapel are even more popular.

The extremely full sleeve worn during the winter is modified somewhat, although all wrap and coat sleeves are high at the shoulder and quite full at the top.

A handsome coat, for use with almost any costume, is of heliotrope "faced" cloth finished with a high standing collar, single square cornered lapel and narrow cuffs, which are covered closely with parallel lines of black and gold braid. This coat fits closely at the back and around the hips, reaching several inches below them; but it is not fitted to the waist in front. Another coat is a combination of tan and ecru "faced" cloth, having the effect of a sleeveless jacket of ecru over a tan-colored vest, with epaulets of ecru over the close fitting tan sleeves. Military styles of coats are elaborately ornamented with braids and fringes, and other stylish-looking braided outer garments resemble in shape and length the "peplums" of a quarter of a century ago. An elegant-looking garment in this style, of fine black cloth, is richly wrought with black and gold braid forming a pointed yoke back and front, outlined by a pendent border of gold and black worsted fringe. The same fringe also edges the bottom of the coat and the high epaulets which extend in points to the elbows. Very dressy coats are of ecru or pale lichen-green cloth combined with white and ornamented with silver or with copper buttons.

Middle aged matrons remain faithful to the redingote of rich brocaded silks. Of these very beautiful toilets are made. There is one of silver gray brocaded silk and plain London fog gray faille. The skirt, which shows in the opening of the lapels, is of the plain faille. The redingote of the brocade is continued at the back into a full round train. It is not cut in princess fashion; the fulness of the skirt is gathered in all around the waist. In front the brocade forms a sort of corsolet, which is applied over a shoulder piece of faille. The sleeves puffed high up over the shoulders, are tight from the elbow, out out in small tabs around the wrist, and finished with a ruching of Chantilly lace. A similar ruching goes around the neck.

Another handsome costume for a matron is of velvet and faille Francaise. The sides of the waist are in very full side plaits; the front is draped in curved folds. The back of the skirt is of velvet inside plaits. The body is of velvet, with square cornered fronts over a vest of the silk; the collar and sleeves are also of the silk; shoulder caps of velvet to match the bodice. The cuffs, lower portion of the vest and hem of the skirt are finished with wide bands of velvet.

An evening costume for a young matron is of brocade and dotted crepe. Accordian plaited front and sides of crepe; long train of brocade, sash ends of brocade falling over the plaited skirt. Bodice of brocade; draped sleeves.

Walking dresses and traveling costumes are extremely simple, of thin cloth or fancy woolen material. We have noticed a new style of travelling-cloak. It is of the pretty indistinct shade between gray and brown called cigale. The shape is that of a long redingote, the fronts of which, full on the shoulder, are crossed over a plastron of brown silk. A full plaited collar, commencing well on the shoulders, in the "Italian abbot" style, forms a pretty finish to this mantel. The left front, which crosses over the right, is fastened at the waist with a pretty artistic agrafe in the Breton style. The sleeves are full, and gathered at the wrist on to a waistband of brown silk. Brown straw toquet turned up with velvet, and trimmed with a feather algrette.

We have also taken note of a long redingote of gray cashmere, with the fronts finely braided with the same color. Plastron, collar and cuffs of dark gray silk.

An elegant visiting dress is of striped silk in two shades of Eiffel-red. Long waisted bodice, open, with square-cut revers over a plain front, and finished at the waist with a wide sash tied in front. This sash is of plain Eiffel-red faille ribbon. The sleeves are puffed up over the shoulders, and full to the elbow, after which they are of the plain faille, and quite tight to the wrists. The bodice is finished round the neck with a turned up collar of plain faille.

Low-crowned straw hat, with flat brim protruding into a long point in front, lined with velvet to match the dress, and trimmed with faille ribbon and feathers.

A pretty dress for a young lady is of sprigged turquoise-blue muslin delaine and plain blue woolen batiste. The bodice of the sprigged material opens both in front over plaited widths of the woolen batiste. A faille sash is draped round the waist and tied in long loops at the back. The sleeves are of the sprigged muslin delaine and full to the elbow; from elbow to wrist they are of the woolen batiste, made tight to the arm and buttoned at the wrist.

Some lovely toilets for church and visiting were are of cashmere, having a draped front ornamented with deep vandykes, six in number, or three cross bands, each three inches wide, of applique embroidery over lace, which gives a charmingly dressy appearance to the gown.

The skirt has the long effect broken by slightly draping the front, the sleeves are full and the basque has a full or jacket front, with collar, cuffs and girdle of narrow embroidery. One of this style was of black Henrietta, with the embroidery of black and white silk over white net, and it was truly a dream of refined stylishness.

A stylish visiting gown, and one suitable to be worn by a guest at weddings is made in heliotrope India cashmere, braided with a metal cord in bronze, and finished with bronze faille Francaise to match. The bodice fastens from the left shoulder under a revers of bronze silk, with high collar of the same; and the skirt draperies, also lined with bronze silk, are turned back to disclose a panel braided in an original design to correspond with that on the bodice.

Another gown is of bronze cashmere, and has a vest of acajou faille Francaise, which continues below the bodice, and gives a line of color over the hips; it is braided with a mixed tinsel braid, introducing both shades with silver, and, out-lining the bodice and large collar, reappears with the silk as a side panel on the skirt.

Sleeves have become very conspicuous by being made to differ from the bodice not only in fabric but in color; thus a violet wool waist has stem green silk sleeves, a Suede cloth bodice has blue striped sleeves, and there are plaid silk sleeves in cashmere gowns, and lace or thin passementerie sleeves in bengaline or brocaded basques. The favorite shape is the mutton-leg sleeve of moderate size, cut very tight below the elbow, and very long on the wrists, while the tops is full and high above the armholes. A pretty fashion is that of facing the very long sleeve at the wrist, and rolling it up as a cuff that is rounded out and trimmed with embroidery or narrow gimp, and a closely set row of very small buttons.

During the long months of winter the dress-makers decided to add another half yard or so of material to their already ample dimensions, and this increase is concentrated at the top, where pads are beginning to be required to support the high shoulder, while hardly enough is spared to make a skin-tight fit about the forearm. The natural effect of these eccentric wings on the shoulders is the neck's decline and fall in importance as an item of woman's beauty or even as a feature of her anatomy. The bits of lingerie most in vogue are the Henri Deux, Catherine de Medici and Joan d'Arc ruffs, which are very wide and laid in huge plaits of lace about the throat, often touching the ears and resting with their outer edges on the sleeve wings, thus reducing woman to a neckless animal whose head rises most ungracefully, almost as if beauty were humped back, between her shoulders. These styles are what we have agreed to call "picturesque," but when carried to the fashionable extreme they are far from beautiful.

Odds and Ends.

SOME SUGGESTIONS FOR BUSY WORKERS.

As suggestions to busy hands, I send the following descriptions of pretty fancy knick-knacks that can be made at home.

To begin with painted articles, the lids of cardboard boxes may be used as pretty calendars for hanging upon the wall, either square (suspended diamond ways), long, or circular.

First paint over the cardboard with a thick background of oil paints, presenting a shaded surface; then add a spray of flowers, a few butterflies, cherubs, or anything that fancy dictates; varnish finally and finish off the whole with a twisted length of soft silk or ball fringe.

But the novelty is the introduction of three colored ribbons, an inch, or rather wider, through three couples of slits, previously cut in the surface.

Each slit is the width of the ribbon, and there is just space enough between the two slits for the ribbon to emerge from the back, showing its date, day or month, then pass in again to the back. About half an inch shows—thus, by drawing the ribbon day by day, you have a perpetual calendar.

The ribbons hang some distance below the lid, and are finished off with silk pompons, little bells or fringed edges. They are not set a-in line on the surface, but each one little lower than its fellow at a certain distance.

Tamborines and guitars are utilized in the same style. Muff tops could also be used.

Cardboard boxes, slightly padded, covered with plush, with the tops covered with satin or silk, tightly drawn over, and painted fancifully, can be adopted as glove or handkerchief receptacles. A ribbon is passed round the edge and tied in a good-sized bow at one side.

Tamborines covered with brocade or painted satin, with trimming round the edge, and a circular silk covered cardboard back, made to tie on at the back, are very fashionable now as handkerchief cases.

Little table screens can be made into receptacles for odds and ends, by having two straight pieces fixed to the two panels of wadded satin or brocade, turned up to form a deep bag, 8 or 9 inches deep.

The frame work is first painted a pale color or white. There require to be four pieces of material, as the back shows between the bars. The wadding is placed between. The turned up piece is apparently fastened with a large bow, to form the bag.

The satin is 9 inches longer than the screen, the extra length forming the bag. These make beautiful drawing-room knick knacks, and are one of the latest novelties at bazars.

Any carpenter would make the woodwork, in the form of a miniature clothes-horse, standing from two feet to three feet in height.

Cushion nightdress bags are novel, first covered on the side with plush, then with a square of fancy silken material lined with satin, and rolled back before it reaches the top, thus showing about a quarter of the plush, the pale-colored satin lining and the brocade at the same time.

The back is of silk or cotton backed satin. The nightdress goes in at the side. There is often a silken cord edging the whole, or a dainty bow at one corner, and the whole think is the size of an ordinary sofa cushion, and looks like one.

These are often given as wedding presents in white satin and gold brocade, with a cluster of artificial oranges and flowers on the soiled lining of white silk.

Circular cushions for sofas, averaging 40 inches in circumference, are made of two-colored pongee silks, such as pale terra-cotta and green, deep terra cotta and pink or gold, etc., in four sections, gathered all round the edge and drawn into almost a point in the middle, finished off with a rosette of the two colors.

A hemmed frill, two inches wide, goes all round. The back is covered with a piece of silk. A yard of each color is required.

Sateen is arranged in the same way. A pretty cosy can be of two colored pongee silks—orange and brown, olive and pink, etc. A length of half a yard of the light-colored silk, about 12 inches wide (or half its width), is gathered round the edge of the cosy, and drawn down to the centre; then the darker silk, also gathered at the edge, fills in the space at the top.

A length of silk, 2 inches wide, is folded and gathered all round the edge before the two sides are sewn together. The lining should be of serge. Only half a yard of the light silk and a quarter of the darker are necessary. Underneath the silk is serge. Small remnants of colored silks can be made into covers for childrens little tin pails (minus the handles.)

The pails hold small pot ferns. A circular base is made of cardboard, covered with silk, and the bag sewn to it, another row of running being placed an inch higher, to form a puff. Two pieces of silk cord are run round and tied at each side of the top of the pail with four tasselled ends.

The silk falls over as a two inch frill, either frayed out at the edge, or partially hidden by tinted lace.

These are most ornamental on a dinner table or on an invalid's occasional table.

Some pretty three cornered pincushions, may also be made with scraps of pongee silk, and an embroidered Turkish square d'oyley cut in half. The cushions are 6 long and 6 inches at the widest part. They have a folded frill of silk, a piece of inch-wide cream lace laid on it, and a silken cord, knotted at each corner, as a finish.

THE life of a woman is a long dissimulation. Candor, beauty, freshness, virginity, modesty,—a woman has each of these but once. When lost she must simulate them the rest of her life.

Confidential Correspondents.

ANONYMOUS.—It is not customary for the chairman of a meeting to vote with the meeting. He is only supposed to give his casting vote.

SIMPLICITY.—No doubt the young man to whom you are engaged gave you the keeper as an engagement ring. The simplest way would be to ask him if it is so.

JENNIE.—Wedding presents should always be sent to the residence of the bride, addressed in her maiden name. They may be sent at any time before the wedding.

B. B. L.—Irrigation is the artificial application of the water of streams and wells to cultivated land in regions of little or irregular rainfall. The system is as old as the hills.

CENSUS.—Any person over 20 years of age who shall refuse to give, to the best of his or her knowledge, true and correct answers to the census enumerators will be liable to a fine of $30.

DOUBT.—A wife should wear mourning for her husband's relatives, precisely as she would for her own. 2 Widowers, as a rule, go into society and leave off their mourning at a much earlier date than widows.

RESENTFUL.—We are unable to help you to obtain French books to translate. You could only find them, we suppose, by visiting those houses which publish them, and inquiring whether you could obtain this work to do.

HEATHER.—The mandolin is neither expensive nor very difficult, and it makes a really pretty accompaniment to a singer. If you learn to accompany yourself and do not endevour to be very imposing, you may give your friends some nice music.

P. T.—The Vulgate is the Latin translation of the Bible sanctioned by the Roman Catholic Church. The translation was commenced by St. Jerome in the fourth century. The Septuagint is the Old Testament in Greek, supposed to have been translated about B. C 277.

LONDON B.—The Royal Marriage act was passed in 1772. By this act none of the descendants of George II., unless of foreign birth, can marry under the age of twenty-five without the consent of the King. At and after that age the consent of Parliament is necessary to render the marriage valid.

ELSPETH.—It is of Beau Brummel that the story you mention used to be told. He was dining one day with Prince Regent (afterwards George IV.,) and took the liberty of asking the prince to ring the bell. The prince did so, and told the servant to order Mr. Brummel's carriage. From that time Brummel lost the royal favor.

A. B.—The rich golden color in butter and cheese that you take to be a sign of quality is sometimes produced by a certain vegetable coloring matter. This article is perfectly wholesome. It is also extensively used for coloring hair, jellies, soap, candles, scent, spirits, confectionary, leather, pomades, fish, and everything else where an agreeable color is desirable.

RUSTIC.—You are mistaken in supposing that "thunderbolts" are tangible realities that can be handled and preserved as curiosities. The only thunderbolt is the flash of lightning, often no doubt destructive, but never accompanied by any solid. The only solid bodies that ever fall to the earth from the sky are aerolites, bodies coming from outer space, and having nothing to do with thunderstorms.

FRANCIS.—The occurrence of periodical attacks, such as you describe, with shivering, hot flushes, etc., sounds very much like ague, or a remittent fever, especially as it comes only so many times a year. You should keep to your bed at these times, and dissolve five grains of quinine in a glass of sherry wine, and take it three times a day. You ought to live in a dry, bracing air, and away from water and low-lying grounds.

ENGELTJE.—"Nom de plume" refers to a name you adopt for writing, or for answers to correspondence—in English it would be called the "pseudonym." "Nom de guerre" is a nickname, or more properly a travelling or assumed name. The word "alias" seems to answer best for it, though "incog." or "incognito" at present more generally used by the press for the "travelling name" by which royalty covers up its identity.

TINCTORIA.—The seat of the Lord Chancellor of England in the House of Lords is called the Woolsack. It is a large square bag of wool, without back or arms, and is covered with red cloth. In the reign of Elizabeth, an Act was passed to prevent the exportation of wool; and that this source of national wealth might be kept constantly in mind, woolsacks were placed in the House of Peers, whereon the judges sat. Hence the Lord Chancellor is said to "sit on the Woolsack," or "to be appointed to the Woolsack."

MATCH.—You seem to look rather lightly on the most tremendous responsibility that a human being can undertake; you talk about marriage as you might about buying a new spring overcoat. Then you do not know what the girl thinks of you, and you seem to own a singularly well-developed conceit. Do you imagine that you can throw the handkerchief and see the gift eagerly scrambled for? You talk already in a cool and patronizing way about the lady; and it is easy to see that you rather despise her in a kind half-serious way. We do not care to advise you to marry her, but we certainly should not recommend her to marry you. The tone of your letter is not agreeable, and we think it would be a very good thing for you when some severe lesson occurs to teach you proper humility.

FAIR.—You must not form theories about the character and disposition of this man or that, but take a safe general rule, and then you need have no qualms or uneasiness. If the man were your declared lover, there could be no possible objection to his caressing you; but it seems that he only wants to employ a chance hour as quietly as possible. There is nothing that a girl in your position should dread so much as familiarity from male acquaintances; some silly young folk who are employed in factories of various sorts make themselves "cheap" by exchanging jests with men, and it assuredly follows that a young woman who does so "cheapen" herself through lack of dignity becomes an object of easy, good-natured contempt. You cannot be too strict, and you must not allow any sort of hoydenish sentiment to keep you from letting your admirer know the exact relations that exist between you.